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Comment Of The Day

King's Park

URBAN Councillors have made it plain that the little that remains of King's Park should stay parkland. Two new hospitals will be encroaching soon: the "Queen Elizabeth" and then the new Army Hospital after La Salle has been given up. The need for hospitals is admittedly urgent and few good sites are available but while Kowloon is growing day by day recreation areas are shrinking. What is the answer?

Once the HK Cricket Club Ground was a public park, but it was coveted by cricketers and eventually leased to the club. Granted it owes its survival today as an open space in the centre of a heavily built-up area to the existence of the club and the popularity of the game. But this shows that parklands have to have a good reason for existing to survive. And if the reason is not obvious and their proponents are not firm, they disappear under such well-meaning schemes as housing and hospitals.

As the Chairman told Wednesday's Urban Council meeting, after the two hospitals have been built, very little of King's Park will be left for the public. Government therefore owes land to the community. This land exists but it will take a bold official—or perhaps a determined Urban Council—to claim it for that purpose. Two alternatives are open: the Chatham Road detention camp can be demolished and the site used for the new Army hospital, or else King's Park can be used for the hospital and the detention camp site turned into a park.

Chatham Road camp has no right to be where it is. Its inmates need to be kept out of town—preferably somewhere remote in the New Territories. The site they are occupying is valuable. The Urban Council should see to it that the terms of their motion are carried out. If the Army hospital site is to remain in King's Park, then give the people of Kowloon compensating space. Or else find a new site for the hospital.

ICY SIBERIAN WINDS REACH HONGKONG DURING NIGHT COLONY SHIVERS AT 44

More Cold Weather Predicted

By STAFF REPORTER

Icy Siberian winds spread across China and reached Hongkong during the night sending the temperature below 50 degrees for the first time this winter.

The minimum reported by the Royal Observatory was 47.4 degrees at 4 a.m. But a Bowen Road resident telephoned the China Mail this morning to say that a thermometer on his verandah showed a temperature of 44 degrees at 9 o'clock this morning.

The outlook for Hongkong is more cold and cloudy weather tomorrow with not much change in the temperature.

The Reason

The Director of the Royal Observatory, Dr J. E. M. Watts told the China Mail this morning that the lower temperatures were because of an intensification of the Siberian anti-cyclone.

"This causes us to get a fresh thrust of northerly air from Siberia across China," he said. Yesterday's minimum temperature was 50.6 degrees which equalled the former low mark for this winter. Yesterday's maximum was 64.7.

Tiger Bones?

Tokyo, Jan. 9. Japanese geologists speculated today that fossil specimens unearthed during the last four months at a limestone quarry south of here may be the fangs and bones of tigers and leopards that roamed Japan 100,000 to 200,000 years ago.—U.P.I.

New Term

Cambridge, Mass., Jan. 9. To keep abreast of space developments, United States astronomers have suggested the official adoption by the International Astronomical Union of a new term in its glossary—artificial planet.—Reuter.

MIKOYAN DISAGREES WITH IKE'S MESSAGE

Chicago, Jan. 9. Soviet Deputy Premier, Anastas Mikoyan today expressed disagreement with the comments in President Eisenhower's State of the Union message on Communist disregard of international treaties.

Mikoyan, arriving here for a 24-hour visit, was greeted by sign-waving, egg-throwing pickets at Chicago's Midway airport, and by still more pickets at the heavily policed Conrad Hilton Hotel. Eggs were thrown at the Mikoyan party when it left the hotel, and when it entered a club for lunch.

He went almost immediately into a news conference, where he was asked about that portion of Eisenhower's message wherein the President said, "We have learned the bitter lesson that internal agreements historically considered by us as sacred are regarded in Communist doctrine and in practice to be mere scraps of paper."

PROPOSALS

"I have not read the statement," Mikoyan said. "If it has been made, I cannot agree with it." But he did not elaborate.

In Washington, official sources said today that Soviet Deputy Premier Anastas I. Mikoyan has asked Secretary of State John Foster Dulles for counter proposals from the West on solving the Berlin crisis.

Mikoyan made the request on Monday in handing Dulles a memorandum on the Berlin problem.—U.P.I.

Dulles May Not Go To Karachi

Washington, Jan. 9. Mr John Foster Dulles, the Secretary of State, is unlikely to attend the Bagdad Pact meeting in Karachi, State Department officials said today.—U.P.I.

Suez
by
**RANDOLPH
CHURCHILL**
Begins Today
On Page 6

FRANCE'S TOP TEST PILOT KILLED

Marcelles, Jan. 9. Roger Carpentier, one of France's top test pilots and the first Frenchman to break the sound barrier, was killed today when a military prototype he was testing exploded in flight. Carpentier and two technicians were testing the Voligeur X-110, a twin-engined turbojet jetliner and attack aircraft. Eye-witnesses said there was an explosion and the Voligeur lost one wing. All three men were killed.—Reuter.

Leaves Hospital

London, Jan. 9. Mr Schwyn Lloyd, British Foreign Secretary, today left the London Hospital where last week he underwent a successful operation for tonsillitis.—China Mail Special.

London—World's Wickedest City Says American

New York, Jan. 9. Earl Wilson, New York Post columnist, told his readers today: "London today leads the world in lust."

He said the British capital had earned the reputation among American tourists for being the world's "wickedest city."

"Everyone knows that," he quoted one American tourist as saying.

No Longer

"Britain no longer rules the waves," Wilson wrote, "but she wavers the rules of conventional conduct and decency. I recently visited once again our so-called mother country—after which I denied all relationship."

"Picture 10,000 'naughty girls'—including shivering teenagers from the country, quaking in their sweaters and skirt outfits—peddling their person and personality through those cold, foggy streets of London's West End. They make the Paris Champs Elysees seem like Sunday school...."

Wilson said London's "naughty girls" had become "ear-girls" operating from ears and occasionally asking their customers: "How about an extra bob for the petrol?"

He added: "Something nude has been added—daytime striptease clubs where some girls are 14 or 15."

Private Clubs

Wilson said amateur striptease contests for cooos, salesgirls and housewives were features of these "private members' clubs" which were "about as exclusive as the Jehovah's Witnesses Convention at Yankee Stadium."

Wilson said that one such club with two floors had 35,000 members.

Wilson said that among the things recently exposed was a winter nudist movement in which London nudists meet in each other's flats and disrobe for dancing and games.—Reuter.

QUEEN'S FATHER WAS A BACKWARD BOY

London, Jan. 9. Sir James Duff, vice-chancellor of Durham University, claims that the late King George VI, father of Queen Elizabeth, was a backward boy.

He was backward, he said, for several reasons which must be common causes of failure at educational examinations for the young. "I was a backward boy," he said, "but over-anxious and impatient father, an unsuitable teacher, an older brother cleverer than himself and a stammer."

SHREWD MAN

But later King George, judged by his own words and deeds, became "a very shrewd man with good judgment of people and situations, and with remarkable powers of expression, himself, forcibly or persuasively as occasion required."

Sir James Duff was addressing the annual meeting of the Incorporated Association of Headmasters.

He said he had just been reading the late King's biography.—China Mail Special.

Tengku's Plan

Kuala Lumpur, Jan. 9. Tengku Abdul Rahman, Malaysia's Prime Minister, today in a cable informed President Garcia of the Philippines that he was going ahead with a plan for an economic and cultural alliance between Southeast Asian countries.—Reuter.

140 Lost In Dam Burst Disaster

Puebla De Sanabria, Jan. 9.

Rescue teams working from boats and rafts were tonight carrying out the grim task of recovering the bodies of about 140 people missing after a dam burst devastated the tiny Spanish village of Ribadellago near here.

One rescue worker, Senor Augustin Tejedor, of the Spanish Social Services, said: "On the waters of Lake Sanabria, which in summer is used for swimming and boating by holiday-makers, dead bodies, dead animals, tables and chairs are floating."

He added: "The situation was terrible when I arrived here. Several hundred people were hungry, terrified and wet through."

Crumbled

There were about 500 people in the village when the Vega Del Teja Dam crumbled about midnight and a raging torrent brought terror and death to Ribadellago.

The Civil Governor of Zamora Province, Senor Don Juan Nunez, said tonight that 300 people were safe, 140 were still missing and 17 bodies had so far been recovered.

General Jorge Vigon, the Spanish Minister of Civil Works, said: "We are doing our best to remedy the effect of this terrible tragedy."

The dam is at Spain's big hydro-electric works, under construction on the Lake of Sanabria near the Portuguese border.—Reuter.

Ship Crew Kidnapped By Flying Saucer?

Wellington, Jan. 9. A bottled message purporting to describe how the passengers and crew of the Pacific island trader Joyita were forced to board a flying saucer was revealed today.

The message was found in a barnacle-encrusted Australian wine bottle which had been washed ashore eight miles north of Waihi in the north island of New Zealand.

The note said, "Abandoning ship. Strange circular metallic object forcing us aboard it. Help us, Stewart. Joyita," a small diagram of the flying object was included.

Disappeared

Nothing has been heard of the 12 persons aboard the Joyita since the vessel was reported overdue at Apia, Samoa, on October 7, 1958. The vessel itself was found abandoned a month later, and has now been refitted and returned to the island service.

Mr and Miss H. Tanner and B. Wainwright, of Auckland, who found the message yesterday, took it to the Auckland Museum. They said they believed it was a hoax.

Auckland Museum conchologist A. W. Powell said the size of the barnacles showed that the bottle had been in the sea at least two years. None of the Joyita's crew or passengers was named Stewart.—U.P.I.

PRINCE PHILIP TO RECEIVE DEGREE

New Delhi, Jan. 9. Delhi University will confer an honorary doctorate of science on Prince Philip during his visit to India this month. It was announced today.

The Prince is due here on January 21 to attend the annual Indian Science Congress on behalf of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. He will receive his degree the following day. Dr V.K.R.V. Rao, chairman of the reception committee of the Science Congress, said today Prince Philip would be the only person out of about 3,000 delegates attending to be so honoured by Delhi University.

The Prince, who will tour India before leaving for Pakistan on February 4, will be the first member of the British Royal Family to visit India since independence apart from his uncle, Earl Mountbatten, who was the last Viceroy and first Governor-General.—Reuter.

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NOW it's drying weather for every day with the modern, flange-free, tubless machine you ever saw! No more dripping clothes! No spots or stains on your newly washed clothes! They're clean, wrung dry, safely on anything from linen to woollies.

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Spin-Dry from soaking wet in 4 minutes

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He Wants The MCC Nationalised

London, Jan. 9. Mr Michael Foot, editor of Tribune, a popular left-wing weekly, today suggested that the Marylebone Cricket Club (MCC) should be placed under state control. Writing in a column of the journal under the name

"John Marullus," he declared: "The reactionary, self-appointed junta controlling England's Test team have continued the Tories' task of lowering Britain's prestige. Macmillan (British Prime Minister) in person might

have in charge at Melbourne. The lesson of the first nine days is clear. At home and abroad, in politics and sport, Britain will do better without the Tories and their friends of Marylebone Cricket Club. Twenty years ago Tribune

first made the demand that the MCC should be nationalised. "Now everyone can see the wisdom of our policy. What is the national executive (of the British Labour Party) waiting for?" Mr Foot concluded.—China Mail Special.



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Bardot in "THE LIGHT
ACROSS THE STREET"
Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS
At 11.00 a.m. Columbia's
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Feature-Length Technicolor Cartoon
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In TECHNICOLOR & TECHNICOLOR
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TO-MORROW SPECIAL SHOW — AT REDUCED PRICES
AT 11.00 A.M. || AT 12.30 P.M.
COLOUR CARTOONS || "MONEY FROM HOME"

FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by
ANTHONY FULLER

A GOOD film, like a good book, is worth perusing many times. So it is that we welcomed back "The Bridge on the River Kwai."

Everyone I have spoken to has seen the film, but I have no doubt whatever that they will be having another look at this great epic of human reactions to barbaric imprisonment.

It is not without interest at this stage to review the way the film has been received universally.

Let us say first of all that it has set the world whistling the march, "Colonel Bogey."

Without any reference, I believe I am correct in saying that this march of World War I vintage was composed by Ken Alford. It has always been popular in England, owing, I should say, to the fact that quite early in its career, a homespun poet fitted a most apt lyric to its catchy tune.

World War II found Colonel Bogey just as popular, and the same words their fathers sang a generation before.

I think the film opens dramatically with that touch, and the only improvement I could suggest is that the men sing rather than whistle.

But doubtless film censor Barry would step in there.

A local touch about the "Bridge on the River Kwai". Following my original review, a lady well known to us on Hongkong Radio, phoned and chastised me for exalting Alec Guinness's performance.

I listened very patiently. The lady was extremely indignant, for she had been in Stanley Camp, and could speak from experience.

She stated Guinness cruelly. She called a numbskull, an embeccle, a nitwit, an outright fool. That a man could behave in such a manner as to literally betray his country.

She finished by saying that all rewards should be withdrawn from Alec Guinness.

I hated to say: "But my dear lady, you have paid Guinness the finest compliment that could be paid him."

She had, of course, identified Alec Guinness with the character of the Commanding Officer British Troops, but I let it go at that, and took my slating.

Quite a number of British people have told me that they think that William Holden should have received the honours that went with this film.

Far be it from me to underestimate the role Holden so vividly portrays, but I think Guinness has it here. Guinness completely vanishes, and in his place emerges this unfortunate unimaginative Colonel Nicholson.

Jack Hawkins also gives the performance of his career so far. In short, I rate the whole film as the best bit of casting of 1957.

Those film fans who listened to Hongkong Radio's film programme were startled to hear the voice of Alec Guinness announce that the film story was authentic.

Some recalled that I had said the incident of bridge building was not authentic.

I am right. In principle the film is right also. Colonel Nicholson abounded.

That Blimp attitude existed to the exasperation of all men of the new armies who had learned to think for themselves.

It is an attitude of mind fostered in the services where a man cannot think two moves ahead. One yes, with precision and detail, but the complications of premises twice removed were, and doubtless are, too much for the bureaucratic mind.

Nevertheless, that pathetic touch of light dawning slowly into a mind that has performed a great job, and forgotten the overall object of defeating the King's enemies, is, to my mind, the greatest moment of the film.

So back comes "The Bridge on the River Kwai," for ten days should Hongkong support it at the King's and Princess.

EVER since "High Noon," and "Shane," the film producers have been falling over themselves to produce yet a third. You can't blame them, both "High Noon," and "Shane," made quite a lot of money. What is more, they attracted a different kind of audience.

Up to the time of the showing of these two films, most people reckoned a Western something to leave to kids and retarded adults.

Suddenly they were shown that the Western while packing all the rough stuff of slugging and bar brawling, and revolver duelling, could, nevertheless, carry along a story which packed immense opportunities for the better actors.

So, from such ideas "High Noon," and "Shane," were born.

The question now takes the form, how often can this particular technique be repeated? My answer to that is, once was a surprise, twice was once too many.

Western fans will recall that the success of Shane was due to the suspense that lingered around the character of Shane.

He was a man with a secret never told; out of sorts with life; but with a rough code of honour that caused him to hate trickery and sharp play.

It was evident that Shane had a large chip on his shoulder, but that did not prevent him for carrying out a little poetic justice on his own account.

So built from such a strange silent figure, the film "Shane" moved the character of Shane into all the violent episodes of an ordinary Western, save the drawn-out, silent street scene, which has now become too common, and is exploited by every cheap film-maker.

The reason it cannot be done again is the element of surprise has gone.

"Man of the West," is a brutal Western. You have only to look at the cast to see that arranged alongside Gary

Cooper is character player, Lee J. Cobb, and Julie London.

The producer, Walter M. Mirisch, has tried hard to find an original plot, and achieved somewhat by having Gary Cooper as a reformed gunman, now on the side of law and order.

It has Gary Cooper riding alone, because he now takes a civic interest in his frontier town, and is off to hire a schoolteacher.

All that is now required is for him to fall in with his old associates, and we are back to the violence, as usual.

A good bit of business is introduced by having Lee J. Cobb order the hold-up of the train on which Gary Cooper is travelling, and by casting Cobb the outlaw as uncle to Cooper.

The twist is given by having Cooper pretend to be anxious to pursue his former wicked ways, for the sake of Julie London, also on the train.

The duel is there, the lonely two-man shoot-out provides the climax of "Man of the West," now showing at the Roxy and Broadway.

Glamour is with Julie London, a shapely dance hall singer, and doubtless responsible for the advice given last century: "Go west, young man."

Made in Colour DeLuxe, and Cinemascope, Gary Cooper and Jack Lord fighting a knock-down, drag-out fight, forced strip-tease at gunpoint by Miss London, plus the lonely inevitable revolver duel supplied by Messrs Cobb and Cooper, this film reaches above average and packs the fans in.

"PARTY GIRL" continues at the Hoover and Paramount for another weekend.

I am pleased to see this harmless bit of violence doing so well.

Nostalgia of the roaring early thirties, rather than reminiscent, it gives all the interesting

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Bridge on the River Kwai." The Academy Award winning film returns to Hongkong. Has Alec Guinness in Oscar-winning performance as Colonel Nicholson, an unconscious traitor, Jack Hawkins as a University student at war, and William Holden as rough neck American serviceman caught up as a British Commando. Made in Cinemascope and Technicolor.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "Man of the West." Extremely well directed Western starring Gary Cooper. Better plot than usual run of Westerns, this film has Cooper as reformed gunman, bloody revenge since "Shane"; plus a forced strip-tease by Julie London; followed by shoot out between Lee J. Cobb and Gary Cooper. Cinemascope and Colour DeLuxe.

HOOVER & PARAMOUNT: "Party Girl." Racy, tough, tumbling saga of the roaring early thirties of Prohibition days. Cyd Charisse as the

most refined party girl in Chicago. Robert Taylor in fine role as advocate for the mobsters. Lee J. Cobb as a refined Al Capone. Excellent entertainment.

STAR & METROPOLE: "Around the World in 80 Days." Mike Todd's cinema masterpiece which assembles an actors' Who's Who, to make the greatest showpiece of Filmdom. Giant screen and Technicolor bring out the scenic wonders of this old romance in new cinema technique. David Niven as Phileas Fogg, with Cantinflas as the valet. Also Shirley MacLaine and Robert Newton, plus a galaxy of stars.

LEE & ASTOR: "Too Much, Too Soon." Dorothy Malone gives a true to life performance as Diana Barrymore, with Errol Flynn taking the role of the famed John Barrymore. Faithful, sordid, but how true! Produced with sensational skill, by Efram Zimbalist Jr. the confession of a poor rich girl, which shocked the States.

COMING

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Marsabito." This film brings new scenic background to screen with an oil-well fire at Marsabito, Venezuela. Also returns to the cinema, Cornel Wilde in leading role of tough daredevil oil-well fire fighter. Summing up: this film brings a literary novel by Sirlin Siliphant as a minor screen epic. Photography outstanding, and performance by Francis Lederer worthy of academy award entry. Also Jean Wallace; Abbo Lane; Michael Landon; and Joe E. Ross. Big screen and color.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "Intent to Kill." Background has one of the numerous attempts to bump off a South American President. From then on, film moves to Montreal, and the hypodermic and air embolism take the place of the crude bomb and revolver. Extraordinarily well made, with Richard Todd emerging with selling honours. Also Herbert Lom; Alexander Knox; and Mike Cushing. Dark.

HOOVER & PARAMOUNT: "Marlowe" Carel in "The Foxiest Girl in Paris" An

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PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.

CO-STARRING EFRAM ZIMBALIST, JR., LEE DANFORTH, NEVA PATTERSON, MARTIN MILLER
Screenplay by JET and JO HOPKINS. Produced by TERRY LEE. Directed by JET LEE.

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To-morrow at 11.30 a.m.
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To-morrow at 11.00 a.m.
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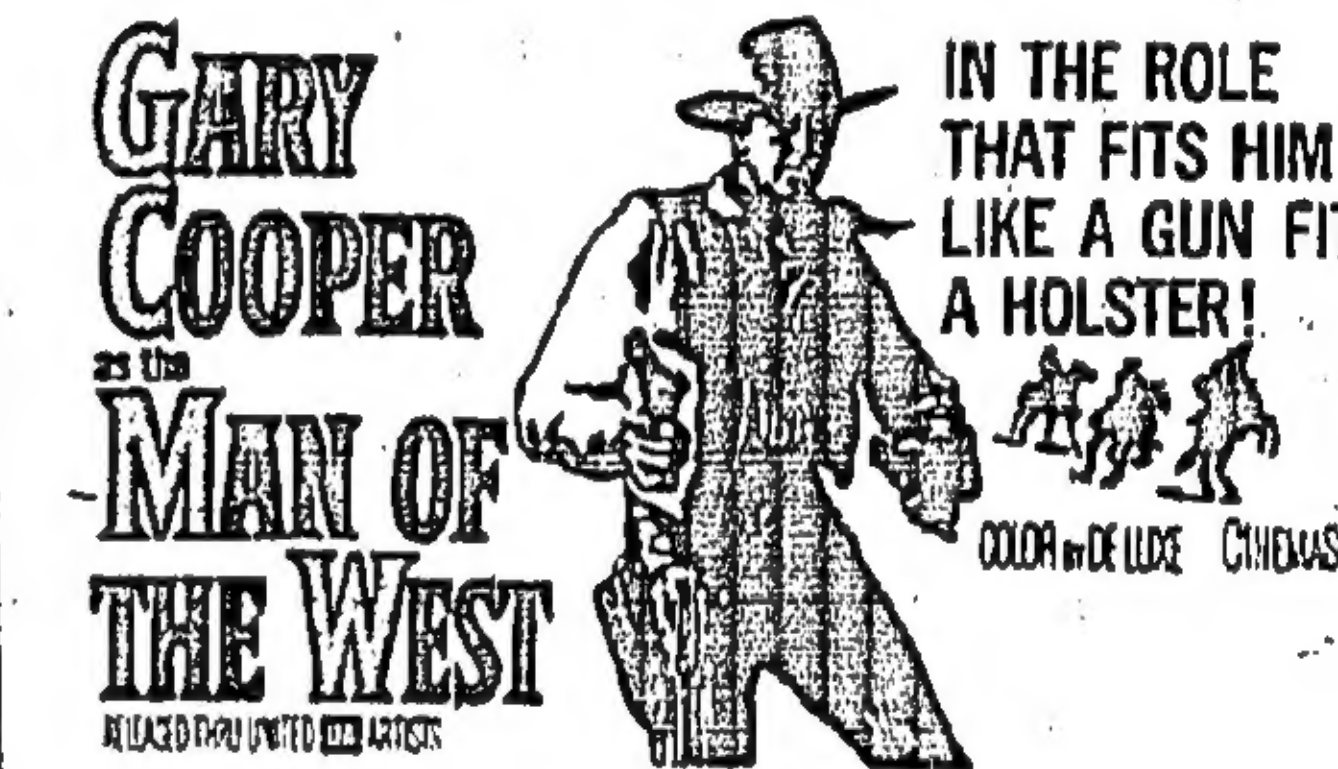
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ROXY & BROADWAY

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AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



IN THE ROLE THAT FITS HIM LIKE A GUN FITS A HOLSTER!

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BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of "MAN OF THE WEST" At 12.15 p.m.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon
Charlie Chaplin in "MODERN TIME"

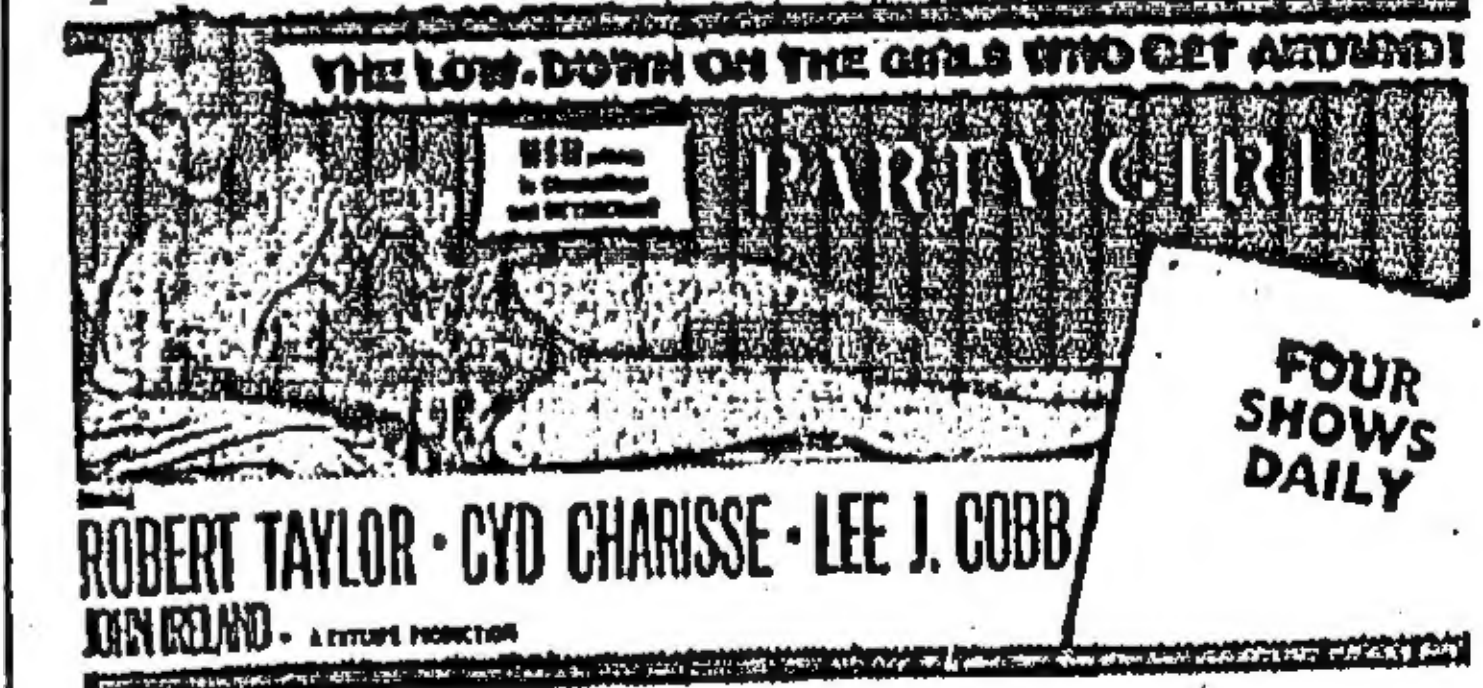
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SCREENPLAY BY JET AND JO HOPKINS. PRODUCED BY TERRY LEE. DIRECTED BY JET LEE.

Special Matinee To-morrow At Reduced Admission

HOOVER at 12.00 noon
Burt Lancaster
Virginia Mayo in
"FLAME AND THE ARROW"

PARAMOUNT at 10.15 a.m.
Charles Chaplin
in
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"AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS"

In the wonder of WESTRICK NEW 8-channel

STEREOPHONIC

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GIANT SCREEN

at METROPOLE

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY MAIL FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

'Mad Irishman' Haunts Hospitals

Likely To Turn Up Lying In A Pool Of Blood

London. EVERY doctor in private practice and all those attached to hospital staffs have been warned to watch out for "The Mad Irishman" who is likely to turn up anywhere in Britain lying in a pool of blood and with every appearance of being near death.

This madman's sole ambition in life is to make a fool of doctors by being operated upon without there being anything physically or organically the matter with him.

He has already succeeded in 120 hospitals in Britain, Eire, France and other Continental countries. To do this he has used a series of aliases, but his operational method seldom varies.

Grunts

He is found near a hospital and in asking onlookers (in rich Irish brogue) for help he often says he is on his way to a monastery.

At the hospital, bleeding from his ears, nose and mouth arouses suspicions of haemorrhage disease.

Between grunts of pain he explains that on previous occasions he has had blood transfusions

and the scars over the veins in his arm bear him out.

If a blood transfusion is proposed he may whisper "blood group AB, Rhesus negative," which is a particularly difficult kind of blood to obtain.

Quickest way to cure his complaints is for the doctor to suggest taking a photo. At that he is liable to jump out of bed and leave—operation or no operation.

"The mad Irishman"—sometimes known as "The Baron"—is one of about a dozen members of the world's strangest "club." Men outnumber women by about two to one.

At night

They all give accurate and detailed accounts of real diseases which they have not got and tell tall tales of their adventures getting hospital treatment.

Often they appear at a hospital in the evening when they hope the lone junior doctor on duty may be afraid to refuse admission. Operation scars criss-cross their abdomens like the tracks at Euston station.

Johnny Went Home And The Army Cheered

London. JOHNNY came marching home but it was the army who gave the hurrahs.

That is, when the military finally discovered that 10-year-old Pvt Johnny Whitby was STONE deaf in the left ear. But it took nine weeks of convincing top sergeants that he was not malingering when he marched straight ahead all alone as the order "right flank" was belted out.

At home in the southern section of south London and once again a civilian Whitby summed up his army career "they made me feel a proper Charlie."

Bawled At Me

"When they pulled me up and bawled at me I told them I was stone deaf on one side."

"Eventually, after my Member of Parliament, George Isaacs, brought up the case with the War Office, I was sent before a military specialist."

The specialist told Whitby what the former silkreeper printer knew all the time—"you shouldn't be in the army at all." Classified the equivalent of 4F, Whitby was mustered out—U.P.I.

ZOO DIRECTOR TAKES A CENSUS

LETTERS from five continents have just begun to arrive at Whipsnade Zoo, Bedfordshire, telling the Zoo director, Mr Ernest Tong, about the progress of one of the world's rare animals—Pore David's deer.

Mr Tong takes a world census annually to find out how re-establishment of the species is progressing.

Said Mr Tong: "We hope next year there will be a female born at Peking Zoo. We will not know until about March how many have been born or died, but the indication is that numbers steadily increased during 1958." At the end of 1957 there were 443 deer in 25 places.

"The King's" Secret Trip To London



Charlie Chaplin—Eight hours daily.

SIAMESE CATS WERE PUT IN GAOL

Dublin. THREE puzzled little Canadian cats were back in quarantine again last week.

The three Siamese cats already had seen the inside of an Irish gaol and the isolation centres in Cork and Dublin agricultural quarantine wards.

The trouble started when their owner, 46-year-old Scottish born Canadian housewife Mrs. C. Martin took them out of Cork quarantine area where they faced six months' internment.

WALKED IN

"She just walked in and demanded her cats" said an indignant official.

Mrs. Martin appeared in police court last week. She got off with a \$9 fine—but could have got a \$90 one.

Before she appeared in court, police ringed her home, and collared the cats. The Siamese cats were lodged in the local gaol pending the outcome of the court case.

The cats—Peep, Boko, and Glen, suffered worse indignities, according to Mrs. Martin's testimony. "They were placed in quarantine with a common cat—probably called 'Tom,' who told a sympathetic judge."

"I was charged \$9 for their upkeep, and when they were taken away to a police cell they charged me \$39 for the use of the van," she told the court.

"I have no complaint whatsoever about their treatment," she added, "they were well looked after, but they were better off in a cell than in quarantine."

QUITE HAPPY

"Originally, my cats were spotted. When I got them back they were black with dirt," Mrs. Martin, who came here in July, said.

"I am quite happy now, even if I don't get them back for six months. I am saving \$2 a week when they are in Dublin," she said.

But she had one worry. Her cats are "sensitive," she said, "and don't take too kindly to common or garden kinds."—U.P.I.

Spanish-American

Morristown, N.J. A PARKING meter, which calls for five-centavo pieces, also works with nickels, motorists learned.

The meter, which was supposed to go to Havana, ended up here and was placed in use with its Spanish instruction plate intact.—U.P.I.

IT'S NOW—HOUSEMAID'S ARMS

London. Modern cleaning aids may have eliminated housemaid's knee, but housemaid's arm still is a problem, a doctor said.

Dr. Ritchie Russell of United Oxford Hospitals, writing in the publication Medical Press, described the symptoms of "housewife's arm" as:

"Pain spreading over the shoulder, arm and forearm, fingers pricking like pins and needles—worse on Tuesday, the day after washday."

Russell said: "Housewives intent on keeping their houses spotless were straining the muscles of their arm. The

only cure: a few days' rest in a hospital.

However, "a few hours' rest soon after symptoms start will be more effective than a week's rest when symptoms have been neglected for months," Russell wrote.—U.P.I.

Gives His Old Films The 1959 Look

London. CHARLIE CHAPLIN —"so in love"—went back to Switzerland after completing in great secrecy at Hammersmith Studios sound-track music for some of his old films.

He has been spending an eight-hour day editing and cutting three of his earliest films, which he is going to re-issue. They are *The Pilgrim*, *Shoulder Arms*, and *Dog's Life*.

And he has composed more than two hours of background music including a Texan cowboy song. The whole thing will be shown in April as *The Big Chaplin Parade*.

What did his wife 33-year-old Oona, do while 48-year-old Charlie worked? She had come to London for shopping.

But she became so engrossed after watching him the first day at the studios that she stayed most of the time.

Said Charlie: "First she brought along her sewing, but she never did much of that."

Wonderful audience

"She is the most wonderful audience one can have—always laughing louder and longer than anyone else."

"Every time I wanted to cut a scene she'd shout 'Oh, no Charlie, you can't cut out that!'" It made work quite difficult at times.

Oona, mother of their six children aged between 16 months and 13 years, looked startled when asked: "How do you keep so happy?" Then: "Oh, that's easy with Charlie. You see I love him and he loves me and we both adore our children."

HE WANTS TO BE WORLD CHAMPION FLY-KILLER

Lucknow. A CIVIL servant in Lucknow has invented a fly-trap which he hopes will make him the world's champion fly-killer.

His apparatus, which has been patented, is based on what he says are the predilections of flies: they hate darkness, and they are attracted by light and by sweet things.

The trap constructed by Mr. Keshopras Varma, an assistant in the Directorate of Information in the North Indian State of Uttar Pradesh, consists of a small lighted wooden box with a removable top.

On one side is a slit which can be closed or opened by means of a sliding shutter. The slit leads into an adjoining wire gauze chamber. The box is strewn with sugar as bait.

When flies have assembled on the sugar in sufficient large numbers, the roof is closed, the light put out, and the flies immediately leave the darkened box through the slit to reach the light in the neighbouring wire chamber where they can be exterminated while a fresh batch is already making its way into the lighted sugar strewn box from outside.

Mr. Varma has been working on his invention for the past 10 years. He hated for flies began when he body wounded himself by stepping on a razor while trying to switch on an electric fan to blow away flies which bothered him while shaving.—China Mail Special.

POET WHO WENT BROKE IS NEW BARONET

A POET who went bankrupt because he found poetry did not pay and whose verses caused a Cambridge University magazine to be banned, has succeeded to the second-oldest baronetcy in England.

30-year-old Henry Philip Anthony Mary de Hoghton, a descendant of Lady Godiva, did not know that he had become Sir Anthony de Hoghton, 13th holder of a title created in 1611.

No idea

Members of his family said they did not know where to find him.

His aunt, Lady Lyle, said: "I have no idea where he is." His cousin, Mr. James Sturkie, said: "I haven't seen him for ten years."

Another aunt Mrs. Barbara Vernon, said: "The last I heard of him was that he was travelling abroad. I think he was supposed to be in Italy."

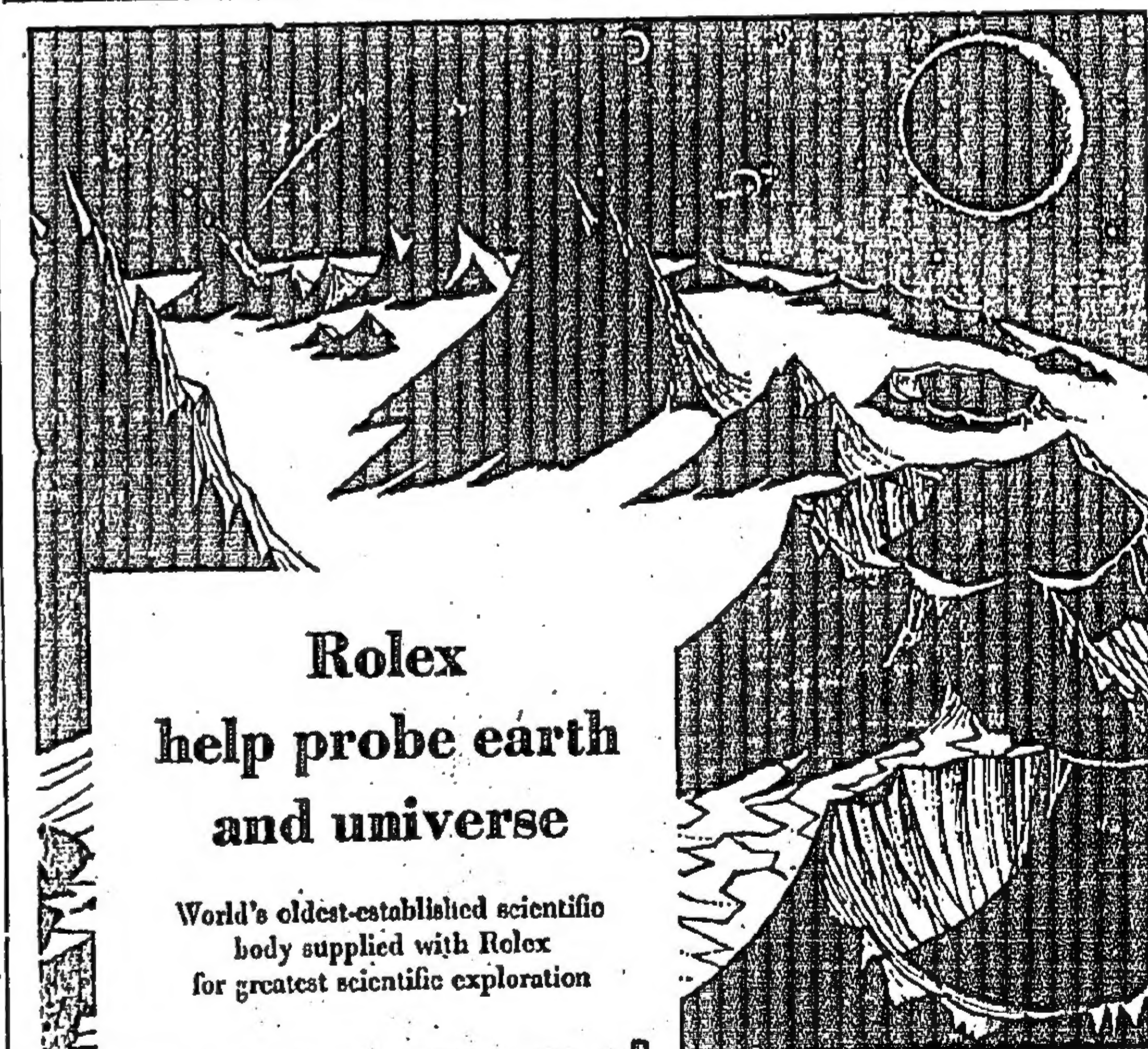
At Hoghton Towers, near Preston, Lancashire, the ancestral home of the Hoghtons, a member of the staff said: "I am afraid I do not know where to contact Mr. Anthony."

The 12th baronet, Sir Culbert de Hoghton, father of the missing heir, died recently at his country house at Cooden, near Bexhill. He was 78.

Suspended

The new holder of the title was educated at Beaumont, the Roman Catholic School, and Magdalen College, Oxford. It was a poem he wrote about God which caused Grants to be suspended for a year and its editor rusticated in 1933.

He became bankrupt 18 months ago with unsecured liabilities of £2,309. He said his poetry had never brought him in more than £20 a year. The trustees said that all the liabilities would be paid in full.



World's oldest-established scientific body supplied with Rolex for greatest scientific exploration

From July, 1957 until December, 1958, the greatest scientific exploration ever carried out took place. That was the International Geophysical Year. It was a carefully coordinated international scientific enterprise of unprecedented size and scope, with the object of learning more about our planet and its place in relation to the vast universe.

The British contribution to this tremendous adventure was directed by the Royal Society of London—the world's senior scientific body.

Rolex watches supplied to Royal Society

Rolex are proud indeed that their watches were supplied to the Royal Society for this thrilling venture.

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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: Alec Guinness, British stage and film actor, has been awarded a knighthood in the New Year's Honours List. He is seen here in his most famous screen role—that of Colonel Nicholson in "The Bridge on the River Kwai."

★ ★ ★

RIGHT: Shelagh Delaney, 19-year-old former usherette of Salford, England, has sold the film rights of her first play "A Taste of Honey" for £20,000. And her play is to succeed Sandy Wilson's marathon-running "The Boy Friend" at Wyndham's Theatre, London, next February. Shelagh wrote "A Taste of Honey" after seeing a Terence Rattigan play which made her decide she could write something better than it.

★ ★ ★

RIGHT: British racing driver Mike Hawthorn, who recently announced his retirement, is seen with a painting presented to him by an oil company. The painting, by Roy Nockolds, shows Hawthorn at the wheel on his world championship run in last year's Moroccan Grand Prix.

★ ★ ★

BELOW: Sergeant Walter Holloway, 28, prays in St Paul's Cathedral for a home in England—where he can take his son to die. Six weeks ago the sergeant and his wife Betty flew to Britain from Rhodesia in a last attempt to save the life of their nine-month-old baby Christopher, pictured inset. Christopher has a rare disease of the heart muscle, a disease which killed the Holloway's other child a year ago. Sergeant Holloway, who is leaving the Rhodesian army to stay in England, must find a house and a job.



★ ★ ★
BELOW: Queen Elizabeth, Prince Philip, and Princess Anna arrive for morning service recently at the parish church of Smooth, Kent. The royal visitors were spending a weekend at Marsham as guests of Lord and Lady Brabourne.

ABOVE: British actor Sir Donald Wolfitt, who left recently for Kenya and Abyssinia to give a series of Shakespeare recitals, is seen with the portrait of him painted by London artist Robert Lutyens. The portrait, in which Sir Donald used the pose of the Reynolds' portrait of Samuel Footo, will hang in his country cottage.

★ ★ ★



ABOVE: Enjoying a seasonal party at the home in East Grinstead, England, of Mr and Mrs Tom Moyer are film actor Cary Grant, Mrs Moyer (in dark glasses) and film actress Marla Scarafia. Looking on is Commander Michael Parker, former private secretary of Prince Philip. At dinner they played a new word game, which consists of substituting a word for one of the names on the menu—thus Stuffed Turkey becomes Stuffed Shirt.

★ ★ ★

LEFT: A general view of the Boat Show, which opened recently in Olympia, London. Attendance figures are already well up on those of last year and exhibitors report brisk trade with orders pouring in.



AFTER 19 years apart they were together again recently at London's Liverpool Street Station. They embraced—then suddenly there was a hiss as the doors of an Inner Circle underground train closed. The train clattered off, parting once more Stefan Plantek and his wife Anna, both pictured here. For she was in the train and he was on the platform. Anna made two 13-mile round trips before she realised the train went round in circles. So she got out at Victoria and station officials took over. After a frantic search, Stefan telephoned a Polish refugee club in London, found to his relief that Anna had been taken there. Stefan and Anna had been parted when the Russians deported them separately in 1939 from Grodno, Poland. Not until last month did the Polish Government give Anna permission to join Stefan in Britain, where he had lived since 1946 after serving with the Free Polish Army.

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



ROWNTREES



THE FAITHS BY WHICH WE LIVE: Part three

Where does Dr. Buchman get his cash?

Into a quiet room in Oxford in 1921 walked an American professor who talked easily and naturally of God. Within a year he had founded a new religious movement. Then, it was called The Oxford Group. Today it is known as Moral Re-Armament.

By
BERNARD HARRIS

TODAY I deal with a religious group which has no churches or chapels, no clergy, no clearly defined doctrine, no official membership.

But it is one which claims for itself achievements far more impressive than those of more conventional religions.

It claims, among other things, to have brought peace in the London docks. To have raised output in the coal mines. To have brought better relations between employers and workers in the Ruhr. To have improved race relations in South Africa. To be bringing East and West together "in unity."

What is this body which seems to have the answer to the problems afflicting a tired, strife-torn world?

It is the movement known today as Moral Re-Armament.

No figures have ever been published of the number of MRA adherents. There may be 20,000 in Britain. There could be vastly more. "No one knows."

But of one thing there can be no doubt. Through its thousands of workers—who include men like H. W. ("Bunny") Austin, a pre-war favourite on the centre court at Wimbledon—through the "missionary" teams it sends abroad, and through its skilful propaganda, MRA is making a notable impact in Britain and in many countries overseas.

But it began life modestly enough back in 1921.

So natural!

Picture a quiet room in Christ Church, Oxford. In it a group of undergraduates—mostly ex-officers of World War One—are arguing and debating what is wrong with the world. They are perplexed, disillusioned men. Some believe in God, some are disbelievers.

One May evening an itinerant American professor is invited into that room.

His name? Frank Nathan Daniel Buchman, the man known today to his followers all over the world simply as "Frank."

Buchman was a Lutheran pastor. His record was undistinguished.

But in that college room on a spring evening in 1921 he made a tremendous impression.

He spoke quietly and sincerely to the impatient students about men like them whose lives, he said, had been "changed" by listening to God's guidance.

Mr. Loudon Hamilton, who was one of the group and who has since devoted his life to MRA, says of that early meeting: "Frank could discuss spiritual matters and use God's name so naturally as if he were talking of everyday affairs."

They queued

Buchman's name soon started to ring round the university. Author Geoffrey Williamson, in his book "Inside Buchmanism," reports that students "would queue for hours just to secure a short interview with Buchman."

From evangelism in Oxford Buchman turned to the organization of "house parties" in country houses and hotels. At these parties sometimes as many as 150 young people would spend anything from a week-end to 10 days discussing their religious problems.

There were the so-called "quiet times" in which each would seek his own personal guidance. There were sessions in which members would publicly "apologise" for mistakes made. And they sang, "Sorry is a Magic Little Word."

Williamson reports there were "informal talks on sin" and "separate groups of men and women for his discussion of sex problems."

By now Buchman and his fellow workers had become known as the "Oxford Group."

And when Buchman registered his movement as a company that was the little adopted for it—though to please certain critics it was made clear that the group did not claim to possess any official connection with the University of Oxford.

The prime object of the Oxford Group's existence was given as "the advancement of the Christian religion... in the world."

At Caux and elsewhere it holds enormous assemblies to which political leaders, trade unionists, business men, and parliamentarians from 100 or more countries have come.

It sends teams of "ideological fighters" to spread the MRA message through Asia and Africa.

In 1955 its "world mission" from Europe to the capitals of Asia and the Middle East covered 30,000 miles—largely in aircraft chartered from the U.S. Air Force.

Its "ideology," as it calls it, is put across with superb showmanship, with typical American slogans, with films and with brilliantly produced theatrical shows.

That "ideology" stems from Dr. Buchman's conviction that "the guidance of God can and must become the normal policy of men and nations."

Sharp fire

In this ideology confession of past error plays an important part. Converts to MRA are constantly apologising.

In recent MRA literature episodes are mentioned of French adherents going to Germany to express "their forgiveness and apologising for their hatred." A Persian M.P. sought out the leaders of Afghanistan and "offered his personal and his country's apologies for the friction and tension that had divided their lands."

"We are told, too, that a fist fight in the Japanese Parliament was prevented by an apology from Opposition members who had been 'changed' by MRA."

An aspect of this ideology which some people have found difficult in accepting is of Buchmanites in their Asian and African wanderings to apologise for the British Empire.

But, of course, it is inevitable that a movement like this has come under a sharp fire of criticism.

Some of the dignitaries of the Church of England have found it "psychologically dangerous and gravely defective in its weapons, including rockets."

There are, however, other Britons who hold that by no

means MRA must get through nearly half a million pounds a year.

The money, we are told, comes from the "selfless generosity" of MRA supporters. But who they are and how much they give is not revealed.

Once when Dr. Buchman was asked how he and his followers, though not rich, were able to live in the best hotels and apparently wanted for nothing he replied: "Why not? Isn't God a millionaire?"

'Sacrifices'

The spokesman of MRA have a stock answer about the source of the money. It comes, they say, "not out of surplus but out of sacrifice."

But the mystery of who precisely makes the sacrifice remains.

The only available accounts relate to the English end of what is now worldwide Big Business.

They are the accounts of the Oxford Group, and they can be seen at Bush House on payment of the customary shilling.

They show that spending is on a steadily rising scale. From £24,000 in 1951 the total advanced with only an occasional setback to £100,000 last year.

How was that money raised?

Here are three items from the accounts—Gifts and legacies, £20,236; donations, £63,361; other gifts, £16,763.

Facts wanted

And a note on the balance sheet says that "no account is taken of furniture, equipment, and motor-cars given to the company of an estimated present value of £23,000."

There are other MRA companies incorporated in Switzerland, the U.S., and the Dominions whose accounts are not available for inspection.

All this vast organisation is concentrated in the hands of 80-year-old Dr. Buchman and his immediate associates.

Some people feel that since they believe in complete disclosure in so many other things they should tell us more about the money side of their drive to "remake the world."

Their money

How is Buchmanism financed? And by whom? What is the source of its strength?

I estimate that to meet the expenses of its teams of campaigners to keep up its hotels to run its assemblies and conferences, to finance its film production and stage

shows, and to finance its "world mission" through Asia and Africa, it must have a steady income of at least £100,000 a year.

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They fluffed it in '58!

by DOUGLAS CLARK

Paris. A BIG, chubby, 41-year-old man, blinking behind horn-rimmed glasses, ambled through the foyer of the Hotel Bristol, Paris, and out into the Faubourg St. Honore.

He looked sleepy, a little depressed, one degree under. And I am not surprised. It was Paymaster-General Mr. Reginald Maudling, off to give the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation a report on his long, unhappy mission to tie Britain more closely to the Continent.

In effect, what he went to deliver was the funeral oration on the British plan for a European free trade area.

Nobody could have tolled harder than Mr. Maudling to put this plan across. He has peddled it to Empire leaders in Montreal, to American business men in New York.

He has whisked to and fro between London and the Continent for months, wheedling, threatening, arguing, bargaining.

And here is something else I recall. I once asked, chubby Master Maudling what he wanted to do when he grew up. He was about 13 years old.

Said he placidly: "I am going to be a Cabinet Minister."

Today Cabinet Minister Mr. Maudling has fined himself down to a comfortable 10 stone or so. Perhaps trying to push through his wretched trade plan has something to do with it.

I do hope kind Mr. Macmillan will now take him off the rack and switch him to some other employment. How about a straight swap of jobs with Sir David Eccles?

I gazed the impression that Mr. Maudling would relish running the Board of Trade. Sir Winston Churchill, when Prime Minister, once very nearly put him there.

As for Sir David, he is the very man to be turned loose on European free trade. His bland, unshakable self-assurance would soon outrage every one of our 16 partner-countries in OEEC just as it infuriated the New Zealanders in the butter talks.

Then the whole free trade area might thankfully founder for ever.

But one day I opened up my sports pages of my newspaper

and I, we slogged upwards from the lower third to the classical sixth. He was the fattest boy around the place; the Billy Bunter of Merchant Taylors.

He took little part in organised games. We supposed he preferred to spend his half holidays perched brooding over Homer and Lucretius.

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He took little part in organised games. We supposed he preferred to spend his half holidays perched brooding over Homer and Lucretius.

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Paris. A BIG, chubby, 41-year-old man, blinking behind horn-rimmed glasses, ambled through the foyer of the Hotel Bristol, Paris, and out into the Faubourg St. Honore.

He looked sleepy, a little depressed, one degree under. And I am not surprised. It was Paymaster-General Mr. Reginald Maudling, off to give the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation a report on his long, unhappy mission to tie Britain more closely to the Continent.

In effect, what he went to deliver was the funeral oration on the British plan for a European free trade area.

Nobody could have tolled harder than Mr. Maudling to put this plan across. He has peddled it to Empire leaders in Montreal, to American business men in New York.

</

This is the exciting prize-winning short story which was awarded the CHINA MAIL Cup at a competition held during the recent Hongkong Festival of Arts.

I SUPPOSE my arrest was inevitable. The Police always suspect the husband first in those cases and, if he happens both to have found the body and to have had a row with his wife the night before — well, can you blame them?

Now the lengthy farce — and I had deliberately turned it into a farce — was almost played out and the jury were filing back into Court. The trial had lasted three days and I remember that, for most of that hot summer afternoon the judge had been summing up. I had not listened to him all the time; I knew the jury were going to convict me and that I was going to die; yet those parts of the direction to the jury to which I did pay attention struck me as very fair.

On the whole, I suppose, it was a skillful performance, unbiased, accurate — well, accurate so far as the evidence went — and delivered in a quiet unassuming monotone when had a soporific effect in the heavy afternoon heat. I grinned wryly to myself as I saw one of the jurors nodding; his head sank nearer and nearer to his chest until it suddenly dropped and he came back with a jerk to full consciousness. The second time it happened he looked round the Court guiltily to see if anybody had observed him and, when he realised that I had been watching, he didn't know where to look. I gave him a smile that was meant to be understanding but he turned away, confused. I wanted to tell him not to feel guilty; that the result was going to be the same even if the whole jury fell asleep.

I realised suddenly that the monotone had ceased. The judge had risen and was leaving the Court; the jury were looking at each other as if they were not quite sure what happened next; then they got to their feet, a little reluctantly, I thought, and started to shuffle out. A warder touched me on the elbow and I accompanied him down the stairs of the dock to the cells. I knew that very shortly things were going to be different.

ELEANOR

exit from the world was not announced more sonorously. When the judge asked me if I had anything to say as to why sentence should not be passed upon me according to law, I stood to attention. "My Lord," I said, "I did not commit this crime but I am content to die for it." There was a buzz of excitement in the court and I could see the press boys scribbling furiously.

Wise old eyes surveyed me shrewdly for a moment.

"James Manson, that is an extraordinary reply. Do you wish to elaborate it?"

I shook my head. "No, My Lord."

"Very well," and something remarkably like a sigh escaped the judge. In that moment I felt a great compassion for him; with all the gravity and dignity of the law behind you, to utter the words that condemn a man to death. The usher placed the square of black cloth on the judge's head and then slowly and solemnly the welcome words came:

"James Manson, the sentence of the Court upon you is, that you be taken from this place to a lawful prison and thence to a place of execution and that you there suffer death by hanging; and that your body be after-

wards buried within the precincts of the prison in which you shall have been confined before your execution. And may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

I bowed to the judge and turned on my heel. As I went down the steps of the dock, I heard a hubbub break out in Court and I knew the reason for it: they were speculating about the meaning of my reply to the judge. I smiled. Let them guess. I knew what I wanted and I had got it — I wanted to die in my own way and in my own time and the judge had just granted my wish. My solicitor had said something about an appeal if the verdict went against me. He was shocked when I told him that the verdict would be guilty and that I would not appeal.

I didn't murder Eleanor, of course. We had only been married three years and we were crazy about each other. Oh, we had the occasional inevitable tiff but we were quickly in each other's arms again. Yet there could be only three people who knew with certainty that it wasn't I who had shot and strangled Eleanor. One of the three was Eleanor — and she was dead. I was the second; the third was the real murderer but I had not the vaguest idea of his or her identity and I didn't care very much.

What nobody in Court knew was that I could have cleared myself without the slightest trouble. I fooled them all properly — the smart Alce lawyers — the jury and the judge himself. I didn't go so far as to plead guilty, of course; they don't like pieces of guilty in murder cases and if you enter that plea, the judge usually tries to get you to change it. So I went through the proper motions like a good little boy and pleaded "Not guilty." Then I withheld from my solicitor all the information that would have shot the prosecution's case to blazes. In fact, if I had told the police everything in the first place, there never would have been a case — not with me in the dock, anyway. Perhaps it sounds strange just to let yourself be convicted like that but I had my reasons and very good reasons they were. No, I am not shielding anybody; I've told you; I just don't know who killed my wife.

It was on a Saturday afternoon that Eleanor died. I had gone up to London that morning in the usual way and we had planned to go on the river after lunch. Then during the morning I heard of this chap with the Sunbeam Rapier for sale. It was just the car we wanted so I telephoned Eleanor and told her that I would not be back until nearly six. I had come lunch in town and took a train to Hatfield where I spent half an hour trying out the Sunbeam. The car was alright but the price was a bit fancy and I said we would think it over. I didn't know it at the time but, at some moment during the half hour that I was playing with the Sunbeam, Eleanor was being murdered. The medical evidence was emphatic that she died between quarter past three and quarter to four. I had a perfect alibi for this period in

the shape of the chap who was showing me his car miles away at Hatfield but I didn't want to see it — not then.

My quarrel with Eleanor the night before she died had been a domestic tiff over something quite trivial but we had both got pretty heated and it turned out that a neighbour overheard us. As a matter of fact, we had made it up before going to bed that night but only Eleanor and I knew that. I suppose I ought really to be grateful for that stupid row because it went a long way towards getting me the verdict I wanted.

Finding the body had helped too. I had got home about a quarter past five and, though I had expected to find Eleanor in the house, I thought nothing of it when she was not there. I walked to the bottom of the garden and, seeing that our punt was missing, I knew that she had gone on the river by herself. It was not until dusk that I began to get uneasy and, as dusk was melting into darkness, I went out on to the towpath with a torch. I found her less than a hundred yards downstream. The punt had been wedged into some reeds and she lay on her back in the bottom of it. I had never seen Eleanor look ugly before; she was very dead and she was fully dressed except for one stocking — that was knotted tightly round her throat. There was also a not-very-neat hole in her forehead. It was a thorough job.

That was really all there was to it. My fingerprints were all over the punt, of course. I was the one to find the body and there was the neighbour who had heard us having a heated argument. I made up my mind as soon as they arrested me that I wanted a verdict of guilty and that I was not going to mention my alibi. The prison chaplain is the only person who knows why. He came to see me on my first day in the condemned cell.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Manson?"

"I don't think so, padre," I said. "I didn't kill my wife but I am gratified at the verdict and indeed I feel very privileged." Surprise showed in his face. "Why do you say that?" he asked.

"Well," I replied, "I think you will understand this better than most men. I loved my wife very dearly and now that she is dead I don't particularly want to go on living without her. I don't really care who killed her; it's done and it can't be undone. They decided that I did it and that gives me a unique opportunity."

"Opportunity for what?" He was puzzled.

"Opportunity for death — ideal death," I told him. "Look! On a day less than three weeks from now, I am going to die but I have the enormous advantage of knowing it. It is not given to everyone, padre, to know not only the date but the exact time and even the manner of his own death. I have eight or nine days to attain the proper disposition for dying and to make my peace with God. Think of it! No uncertainty, no backsliding, no distracting trivialities. There is plenty to be forgiven even though I am innocent of murder — but I know precisely what my allotted span is. If I devote what remains of it to reaching concord with my Maker, I shall have a unique advantage. I believe — and I know that you believe, Padre — that this life is only a brief preparation for the next; but we get so caught up in everyday trivialities, making a living, keeping up with the Joneses, pushing, scrambling, that we lose sight of the essentials and death too often catches us unprepared. But I am not going to die like that. I am not going to get knocked down by a bus at a moment when I have not had a decent thought in my head for a week. I am going to die with ample warning and, if I really use the time remaining to me, I shall stand on that trap serene in the reasonable probability of Heaven."

It was a long speech but I was glad that I had got off my chest; glad that I had told one person at any rate why I so welcomed this form of death; but I am not sure that even he really understood. The truth is that I have always regarded death by judicial execution as the perfect exit — painless, sure and offering unique opportunities for preparation.

For the next week I was really happy. I prayed a lot and thought a lot and I began to experience an inner peace that was like nothing I had ever known. When the bell fell, it was like a thunderbolt. The prison governor came to the cell one day and a sunbeam came pouring in. He had good news for me. Then the complacent, self-satisfied bastard told me that the death sentence had been commuted to life imprisonment.

The Bright New World Of Sally Ann Howes

By CLIVE IRVING



A LITTLE more than two years ago the world of Sally Ann Howes seemed, to her, to be collapsing in tragedy. She was a hollow-eyed shadow of a once-dazzling girl... mourning the death of Baron, the photographer, who died suddenly when they were about to marry.

It was a blow that might well have broken the spirit of any girl. But not Sally Ann Howes... 1958 will be to her the year that she rebuilt her life — and her career.

Hard facts

Today she lives in a beautiful, luxurious flat in the heart of New York, and is married to a talented young writer of hit musicals.

On the walls of the flat are framed letters from people like President Eisenhower, Adlai Stevenson, and Somerset Maugham. For this is the new world that her marriage to Richard Adler (of "The Pajama Game" and "Damn Yankees") had brought her.

Sally Ann is just finishing a year as Eliza Doolittle in the Broadway production of "My Fair Lady." It was this role which was her big gamble.

Taking it up only a few days after she married Adler, she had to face two

hard facts: 1. She was completely unknown to American audiences; 2. If she was a hit she would be tied to the one part for at least a year — and would hardly be seen outside Broadway.

She was a hit — a big one — but wisely she refused requests to extend her contract. She explains: "I didn't want to be a prisoner of Broadway. Eliza Doolittle is a long and exhausting part. But it has launched me in America and now I am getting a name over here."

Tough work

Recently her husband wrote a new television musical and she took the star part. It was a winning combination. Says Adler: "It was very tough work for Sally Ann. It meant that she spent all day for many weeks rehearsing, then at night he had her long theatre part."

"But this one performance gave her an audience bigger in one night than she could get on Broadway in a lifetime."

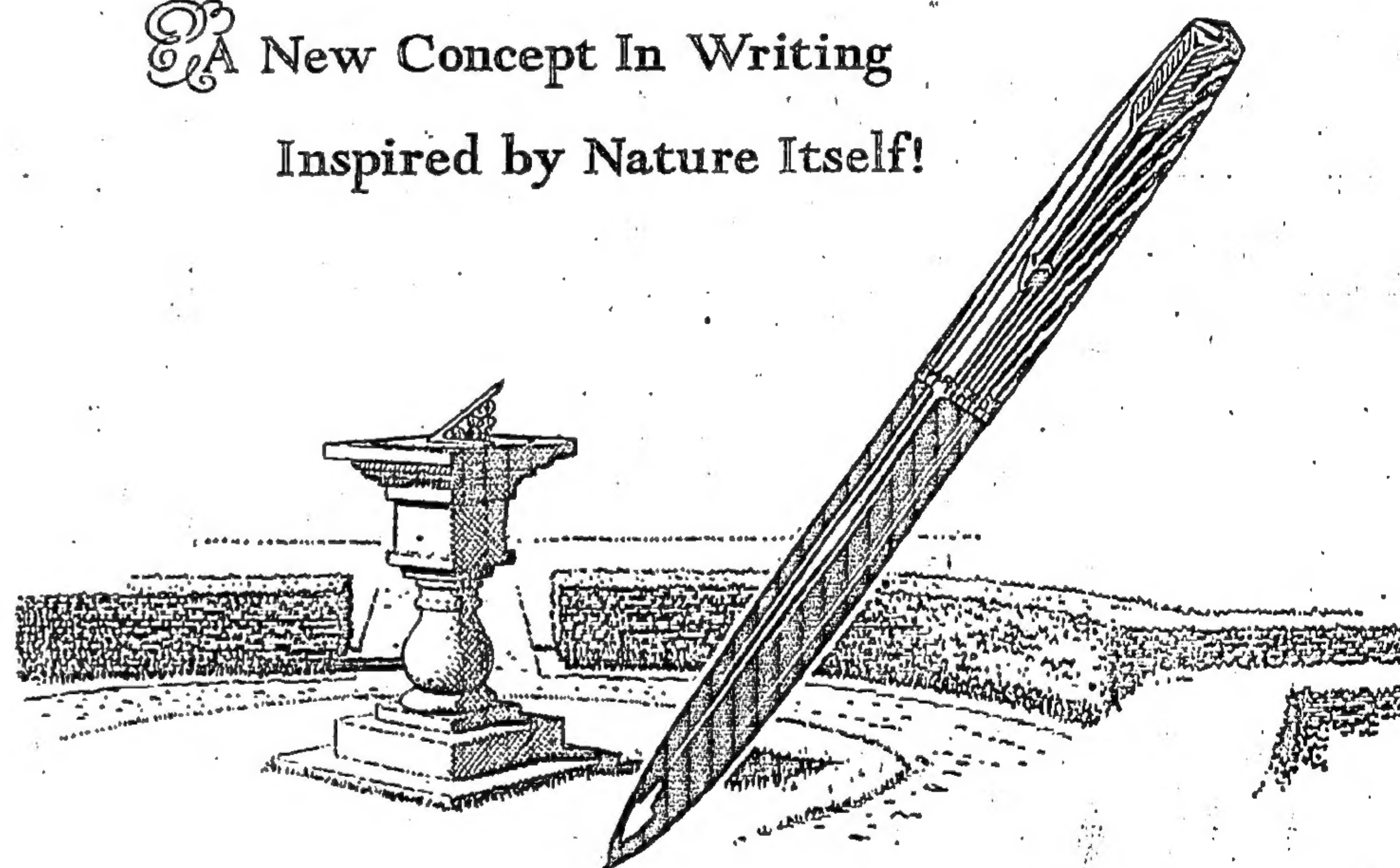
Now, with the "My Fair Lady" part coming to an end, Sally Ann and her husband are going to Europe for a holiday. This will bring her back to London for a few weeks... a London of memories. But for the new, buoyant Sally Ann Howes, the brightness of the future has shut out the sadness of the past.

She showed me some of the Christmas cards that were lining the lounge. They were from all the big names in show business. There was one from Mrs Tyrone Power, with the name of the dead star printed and then crossed out in ink.

"I have several exciting offers of new parts already, but work will have to wait until after my holidays," she said.

For Sally Ann, despite her success in a new country, has the valuable good sense not to put career before a happy marriage.

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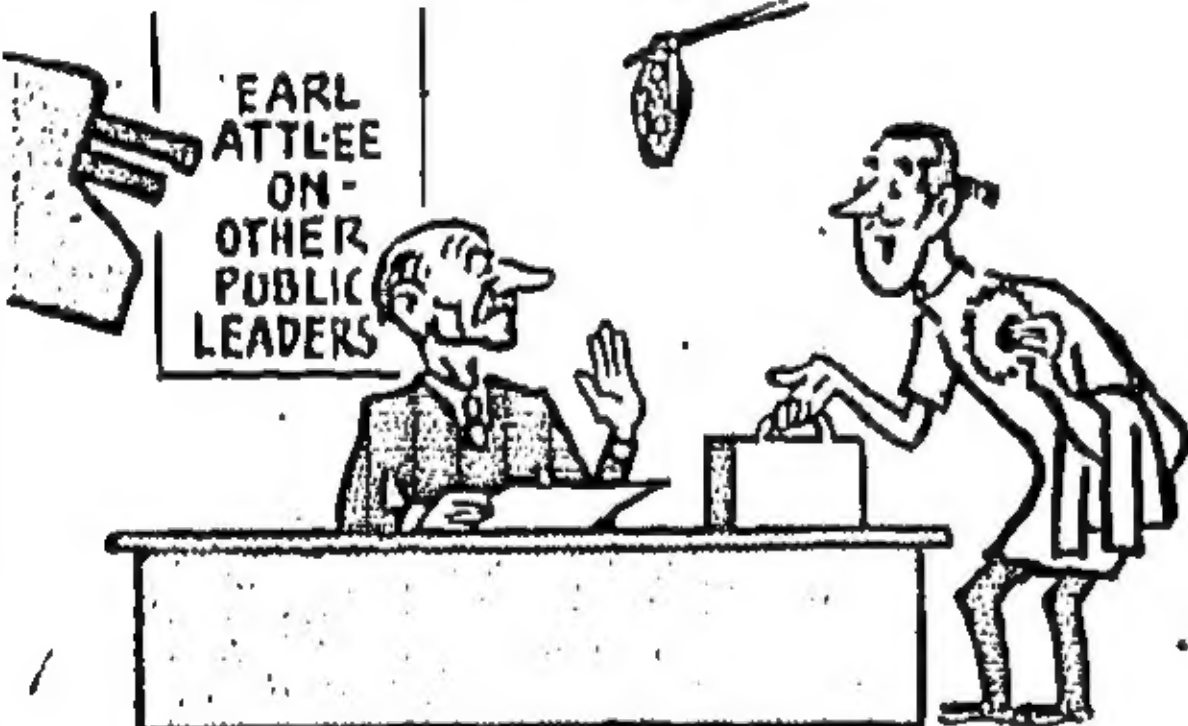
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WEEKEND Friell



"Ah, but we do want to look our best! Remember Sir Winston and some other people will be watching and just a teeny bit critical!"



"When you've settled this little affair here can you rush back to London for some real mediation?"



"This item has not been used for centuries but we have warned all rent collectors it is still in good condition."

London Express Service.

... THE PIRATES MULTILATED THE BODIES

Murder Most Foul

READERS who have followed this series will be aware that the earlier name of Stanley was Chok Chu, and it is interesting because it was in that locality that a needless tragedy took place which became a cause celebre in Hongkong.

The whole episode which from this distance of time, we can view almost as a drama in three acts, opens in the quarters of Dr Tweddle of the Ceylonese Rifle Regiment. It is the afternoon of February 25, 1849, and three officers, Captain Da Costa of the Royal Engineers, and Lieutenants Dwyer and Grantham also of the Ceylonese Rifle Regiment, are the guests of Dr Tweddle at a champagne tiffin.

They apparently did themselves very well, and Captain Da Costa was especially high-spirited, for he was 'boat happy' as we now say. Having drawn out the tiffin as long as the champagne lasted, the four decided that a stroll, while unwelcome, was very necessary.

The four started to walk from their quarters at Stanley towards the village of Wong-ma-kok, on the level of the small peninsula which divides Tylan Bay from Stanley Bay.

For some reason which has never come out, but probably out of prudishness with Captain Da Costa's condition, Dr Tweddle and Lieutenant Grantham decided to return, but Da Costa and Dwyer went on to the village of Wong-ma-kok.

The inhabitants of Stanley, and Wong-ma-kok, and Tylan Bay, were friendly enough it seems, so long as no one was interested in their affairs. An interest in piracy, however, was a different matter, and the notorious pirate, Chui

By

JOHN LUFF

you my pretty maid' get him nowhere. He goes from door to door right through the village, but drawing a blank, he and Dwyer enter the last house. Here an old man live with his wife and son and daughter-in-law. The wife and daughter-in-law are cooking. The son is out. The rest is a matter of confused evidence given at the trial, but it seems certain enough that Da Costa made advances to the girl which she resented, and the old man interfered. Upon which, Da Costa takes his stick and beats him.

The old man and woman run to the door and give the warning cry, "Save Life." Chui Apo, the pirate, hears this cry, and immediately rushes in with a crowd of followers armed with spears. Da Costa, benighted with champagne, snatches the spear from Chui Apo's hands, and breaks it across his knee. This is a rash act, because it causes Chui Apo to lose face in front of his men, and from this moment the officers are doomed.

The officers manage to get out of the hut, but are hotly pursued along the path—where they are struck down.

At the sight of blood, the pirates go into a kind of frenzy, and not content with killing the officers, they mutilate the bodies, string them up on bamboo poles, and proceeding along the beach as far as a precinct—"Bluff-head"—hurl the bodies into the sea.

But of all things, the Chinese dislike most is undue familiarity their affairs seem to have been a slight interest in piracy. In fact, the notorious pirate, Chui

Three o'clock, the morning of February 26, 1849, and Captain Da Costa and Lieutenant Dwyer have not returned to Stanley Camp. Lieutenant MacDonald takes out an armed search party, but no trace of the officers can be discovered.

The Government Authorities are alarmed, and Mr. Caldwell of the Police proceed to Tylan to make enquiries. Meanwhile, a hundred Officers, NCOs and men of the Ceylon Rifles, scour the island. On February 27, H.M.S. Fury sails round the evening of that day the body of Captain Da Costa is found in the water, no trace of Dwyer was ever found.

The prologue belongs to the few. When searched, the village of Wong-ma-kok was found to be deserted save for the old man who had stood up to Da Costa. He said he "did not run away because he had done nothing wrong, and willingly followed Lieutenant MacDonald back to the barracks, trusting both in his innocence and British justice. The young girl, because of loss of face, had hidden herself, but she came forward voluntarily at the inquest.

Six men were arrested on suspicion, and when they were brought to Victoria, they were kept in separate cells, so that they could not have "cooked" the evidence.

Under the circumstances, all the evidence showed that the villagers were anxious to drive those rascals away, and that with a little more tact, Da Costa and Dwyer might have got away unscathed.

The Coroner's Jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against the pirate Chui Apo, and several other unknown Chinese.

The Hongkong Government, offered at first notification, a reward of £100 for the apprehension of one or more of the pirates involved in the murder, and by a subsequent one, raised the reward to £500 for the apprehension of Chui Apo, and £100 for any of the other pirates concerned.

It might be as well to add at this stage that both the Hongkong and Canton authorities were anxious to interview Chui Apo on matters other than this murder.

The story of Chui Apo's battle with the British fleet, and his subsequent capture at Canton, belongs elsewhere in this series. Here let it be said, he was brought to Hongkong for trial in 1851, and his end was most unpractical. On hearing the verdict, it stands as a landmark in the fairness of British justice, that hearing of the two shocking circumstances, he was found guilty of manslaughter.

He was sentenced to transportation for life, which in fact meant he could take his company elsewhere to be a plague both to man and beast. On hearing this, he asked for a death sentence, but the authorities, in view of the Jury's verdict, were unable to accommodate him.

So, three days later, he took a rope and hanged himself in his cell, thus inflicting on himself the punishment a British jury had considered too harsh in the light of the facts related at his trial for murder.

In view of his record in this part of the world, Chui Apo deserved the fate he awarded himself, for his saga of piracy and murder was both terrible and long.

However, while on the subject of the punishment of pirates, there is a certain grim humour in the following. In the year 1849, six pirates were captured, tried, and were found guilty of murder on the high seas. There could be no other verdict than that of "death."

The hitch in the arrangement was, there was no public executioner to carry out the sentence. But, in a relatively smaller Colony, news carried even faster than it does nowadays, and a volunteer came forward.

He was not a British subject, but he had a strong claim to the post. In fact it was the kind of poetic justice everyone likes to see. He was an American, and his own brother had been caught and killed by pirates shortly before these six came up for summary execution. Neither did Government entangle itself in red-tape. The niceties of the situation were observed, and this American who served the British Government in the official capacity of hangman, seems to have made quite a neat job of it.

Three years later, in order that we get this macabre episode out of the way, another American stopped in to oblige the British Government.

In 1853, six Portuguese seamen who had committed piracy on the British ship, Herald, were taken and brought to court. They too, were convicted and sentenced to death. Again, the position of Mr Calcraft was vacant.

So a prisoner, a coloured American seaman was the successful candidate. He was rewarded by having the remainder of his prison term remitted.

In reading through the Supreme Court Notices, you find that in every session, there are cases of piracy. They occur with regular monotony, so I should imagine that the taking of a pirate and his subsequent execution, was just another affair.

seriously, the executions do not seem to have interrupted the day's affairs for the Europeans. I suppose the Johnny Newcomers would go up to the Victoria goal to see a topping off, but no doubt the whole business was so common, that there was no novelty about it.

Neither, of course, would it have the morbid atmosphere of attraction that we might imagine, for public hangings, while not so frequent by any means, were still the order of the day in England.

At any rate, here follows a notice associated with one such, which took place in Hongkong in July 1860. "Three Pirates were publicly executed. These men were implicated in the piracy of the "Carl". Previous to the execution, numerous petitions were received from the Chinese Hong by the Governor for a reprieve of one of the prisoners on the ground that the petitioners believed that it was a case of mistaken identity. The fact so numerous were these petitioners that at one



STAFF OF VICTORIA GAOL — THEN

time a reprieve had actually been ordered, but the prisoner himself afterwards acknowledged that he had been the cook on the pirate junk, and had taken part in the affair.

"The whole of the proceedings connected with the execution went off well, and were of a satisfactory nature. The execution took place punctually and without mishap.

"The gallows was guarded by about 150 police under the command of Captain Quin. The spectators, numbering 2,000, witnessed the spectacle without any manifestation of feeling."

It is impossible to let that bit of reporting go by without comment. In the first place, it is not bad as a report. It states fact, and leaves out comment.

The first suspicion that comes to my mind is, the number of petitioners who believed it to be a case of mistaken identity. That is still a good alibi. I wonder whose relation the cook was, and what pull he had to get so many signatures? I am not cynical. Once the bad lads the Mandarin of Canton was making—hard to catch discovered a home here, they simply flocked. It was so bad that the Mandarin at Canton, who had no love for the British regime, warned the Governor of Hongkong, against certain old lags who were sheltering here. And I am certain that the Police would confirm that many of their descendants are with us today.

My second point is, the delightful bit of reporting that

states, "the whole proceeding went off well." What an understatement, when one considers the chief participants in the spectacle.

"Punctually" says the reporter. Knowing Hongkong, I should say it is the only performance that has started on time.

The last point is the comparatively small crowd. The population must have been around 150,000 by then. As I said the event was too common to excite notice.

The reporter notices briefly the apparent lack of feeling of the crowd. It is something that puzzles all Europeans. Long before I considered this series, it was a question I had put to my Chinese friends, that expressionless face with eyes staring into infinity, and total disregard for the incidents around.

It is, of course, not lack of concern. It is a matter of control, the acquiescence in the inevitable.

Self-control is necessary to superior people, but to those who know not the Orient, it seems superficially, a total lack of concern amounting to callousness.

However, away with knives, and gallows and ropes, and on to brighter things.

ON WEDNESDAY:
Bucking The Tiger!

JACOBY on BRIDGE

If you look at all four hands you will see that South's four trumps contract is a lead pipe cinch.

West starts out by cashing two heart tricks and since his partner has signalled to come on he leads a third heart. Dummy's nine of trumps is overruled by East's ten but that should be all for the defence since South will fall back on the diamond finesse for his tenth trick and as you can all plainly see the finesse will work.

When the hand was actually played South managed to go down. The play started normally and East led the king of clubs at trick four. South took

NORTH (D)		3	
♠ 04			
♥ 103			
♦ A Q 102			
♣ A B 7 5			
WEST	EAST		
♠ J 5	♥ 103		
♥ A K Q 7 5 2	♦ 04		
♦ K 8 4	♣ J 9 7 5 3		
♣ 10 6	♥ K Q J 2		
SOUTH			
♠ A K Q 8 7 6 2			
♥ J 9 8			
♦ 5			
♣ 4 3			
East and West vulnerable			
North	East	South	West
1 ♣	Pass	4 ♣	Pass
Pass	Pass	Pass	Pass
Opening lead—♥ K			

with dummy's ace and started to run his trumps. West lost no time discarding his ten of clubs and East let go the deuce and jack of clubs.

Then East started to throw diamonds. In ascending order except that he held back the nine and threw away the jack.

Now South had a problem. Obviously East held the queen of clubs—did he also hold the king of diamonds. South decided he did, went up with dummy's ace and lost the hand.

South had swindled himself neatly. If East did hold the king of diamonds West would have simply hung on to the club ten and broken up any club-diamond squeeze against East.

CARD Sense

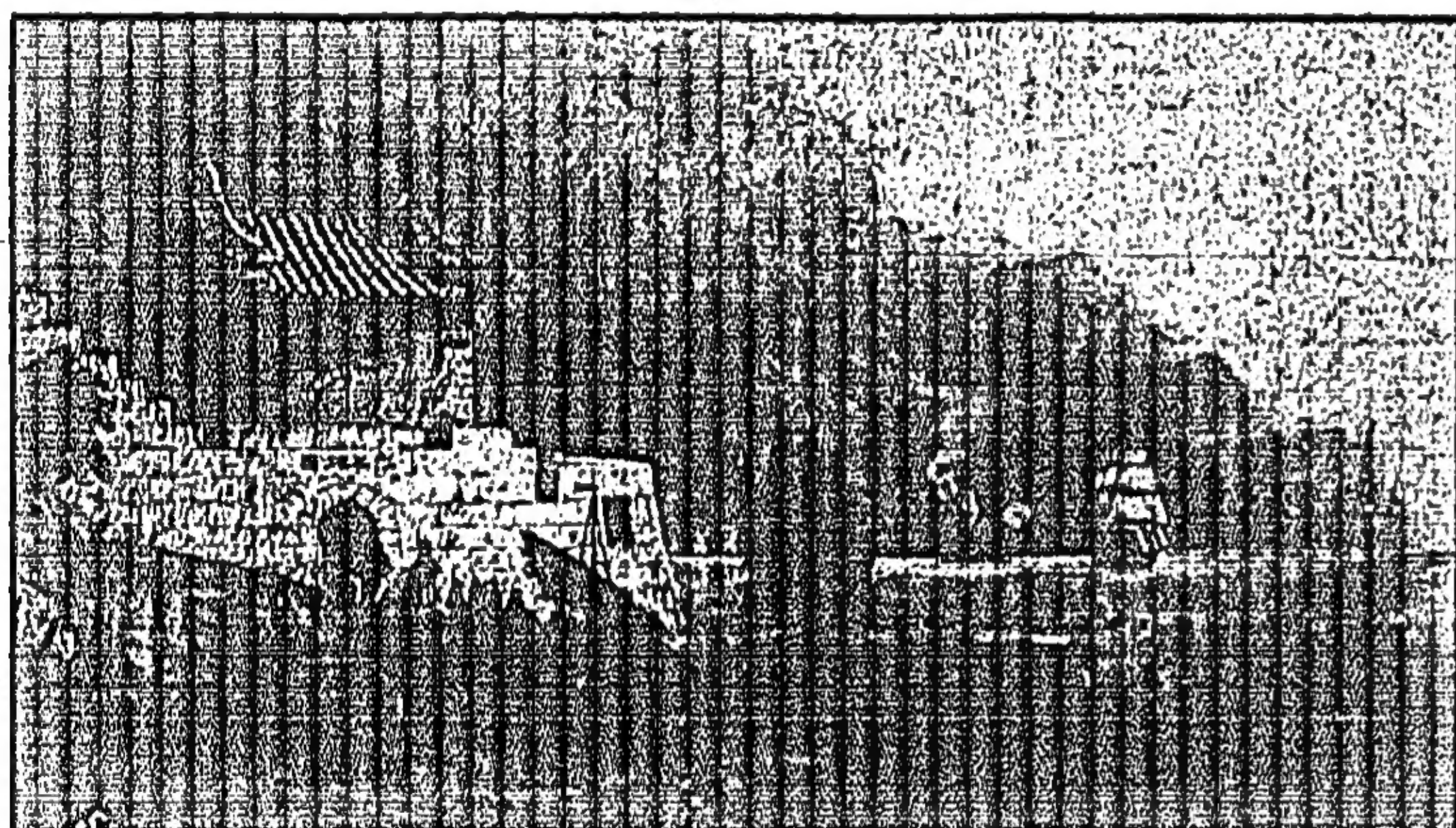
Q—The bidding has been:
North East South West
1 ♣ 1 ♥ 1 NT. Pass
2 ♣ Pass 7
You, South, hold:
♠ K 9 6 ♥ K 5 3 ♦ 8 3 2 ♣ J 8 7
What do you do?
A—Pass. Two no-trump might prove effective but the chances are you will simply be getting yourself in trouble.

TODAY'S QUESTION

Again your partner has opened one club and East has overcalled with one heart.

You, South, hold:
♠ A Q 7 ♥ K 7 4 ♦ 6 3 2 ♣ 6 2
What do you do?

Answer on Monday



Fort Victoria — which once stood in Kowloon



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Revlon 'Lustrous' Lipstick

FERD'NAND



By Milk



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Feminascope—by JOY MATTHEWS

Party Season Stunner!

THE DRESS SMART PARIS
WOMEN HAVE FALLEN FOR

THE dress that is "tres snob" in Paris is today on sale for YOU to buy. It is the dress that some of the smartest women in Paris—and the richest too—will be wearing at all the poshest Paris parties.

In my opinion this dress is the most beautiful short evening dress of the year and the champagne-and-sparkle set of Paris (think so, too). The Princess Charles Edouard de Ligne—Very pretty and very popular hostess, the Marquise de Ligne—who gives the most popular of Parisian dances; and Madame Jacques Pol Rorer—

creme de la creme who entertains the Churchills (and whose family make all that lovely champagne) all wore it this Christmas. The great difference between their dress and the one on sale in Britain is that their model will cost them around £300—and the one I have had made for you to buy in Britain's shops will cost

around £29.

It is made in snowy white net. The high-waisted sash is in crimson satin set off with a crimson satin rose. Ideally, satin shoes should be dyed to match.

If you must be more practical—you can get it in black, with a white satin rose and sash. With this—dark stockings and black shoes; not white, please.

1958—WOMEN'S YEAR

And The Man's World
Is Left In Fragments

By SHERI GILES

Chicago.

LADIES shattered records, precedents and traditions more than ever before in '58, leaving the "man's world" in fragments.

The only male sanctuaries seemingly left intact: the U.S. Supreme Court, and the men's bar at the Waldorf.

Some 19,000 women were immortalised in the first edition of "Who's Who of American Women."

The year produced lady deckhands, lady boxing referees, lady submarine decorators, a lady papyrologist, lady construction workers, missile workers, paper hangers, plumbers, hog judges, and, much to the dismay of F.B.I. Chief J. Edgar Hoover, the year produced more lady bankrobbers than ever before, too.

Despite boisterous harrumphing from menfolk, Britain's pompous old House of Lords became the House of Lords and Ladies, admitting four peeresses.

A Negro woman—Mrs. Yel Phillips, of Wisconsin—became the first national committee woman of her race.

A lady from Costa Rica was the first of her sex appointed to the council of organisation of American states.

★ ★ ★

Princess Margaret was caught up in new rumours about a renewal of her romance with Peter Townsend. A new book claimed she still loves him. Margaret ended the year still single.

First Lady Mamie Eisenhower played tireless White House hostess—with time out for a headline-grabbing trip to Arizona for a beauty rest.

Opera star Maria Callas was fired from virtually every important opera house in the world, including La Scala in Milan. There, in front of the President of Italy, she trotted off the stage.

Princess Grace, of Monaco, gave birth to Prince Albert, male heir to the throne. She later visited America with Prince Rainier. Queen Frederika, of Greece, toured the U.S. to study atomic installations.

During the year, "BB" came to mean more than what little boys shoot out of guns. The new twist: Brigitte Bardot, France's gift to filmdom.

Petite and spindly Sister Duns Scotus formed the Austin Minnesota Rocket Society with a group of youngsters.

★ ★ ★

All of the women's headlines were not happy.

Three nuns died in a Chicago school fire that killed 89 children. A fourth nun died later of injuries from the fire.

Pat and Rodney, split the Shah of Iran, and his beloved Saroya. The Shah divorced his queen because she had failed to bear him a male heir.

Coya Knutson, blonde congresswoman from Minnesota, had trouble with home-loving husband, Andrew. He waged a futile "Coya Come Home" campaign, claiming his wife's ardent political career, plus her male secretary, was ruining their marriage.

She lost her reelection bid and was last heard intimating that she was the victim of hubbalooboo raised by her husband.

Ingrid Bergman divorced Italian film-director Roberto Rossellini, and married her third

husband, another Swede, Lars Schmidt.

Throughout '58, wives defended their mates when hard times struck. Rachel Adams stood up for Sherman in the Goldline case. Mrs. William Knowland, wife of California Senator, tongue-lashed former Governor Goodwin Knight when the two men had an election squabble.

And Mrs. Hymen Rickover was downright furious when her husband, father of the nuclear submarine, was snubbed at ceremonies honouring the "Nautilus."

More women went to Congress, setting a new record of 18 members. Bertha Adams was the first woman appointed to a cabinet under-secretaryship. She's under-secretary of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

At the 13th general assembly of the U.N., there were 41 women delegates, or alternates, another feminine record. A Swede, Mrs. Agda Russell, was the first woman permanent U.N. delegate.

Brazil promoted a woman to the diplomatic rank of minister. A woman is U.S. Ambassador to Norway. And, for a brief time, a woman was acting premier of Sweden; the premier was vacationing.

A Scotsman widow is Lord Mayor of Dublin, and a woman leftist is mayor of Delhi, India. Forty-one U.S. states have a total of 300 women in their legislatures.

Women now hold more than half the country's stock, vote 70 per cent of all family income. Mrs. Mary Roebing became the first woman ever named to the board of governors on the American stock exchange.

Women started, too, in the sports world.

Greta Anderson set a new woman's world record for swimming the English channel. She missed the men's record by eight minutes. The hefty housewife also set a world record by being the first to swim California's Catalina channel both ways.

Tennis flash Althea Gibson, of Harlem, became the first Negro to win the Wimbledon Championships.

The unpredictability of womanhood was in plain sight.

Mrs. Marian Neuberger, wife of Oregon's Democratic Senator, appeared at a Washington fund-raising jamboree dressed in a bathing suit. Said she: "Evil is an evil thing."

A Durham, N. C., housemaker talked for 72 hours, two minutes and 53 seconds, winning the world's talking record.

Said a lioness: "She talked about everything but her age."—U.P.I.

Fashion as ever, was fickle in '58. The year began with a

renaissance of the 20's—long pearls and socks. It ended with a renaissance—Empress Josephine gowns.

Most controversial style of the year: the trapeze, which hid women in billowing folds of cloth straight from the shoulders to the knees. Men groaned.

The "ahm-pear" (as Empire sometimes is pronounced), the compromise style, moved the waistline up under the bosom.



IT COSTS £300 IN FRANCE—BUT YOU CAN GET IT FOR £29.

Household
Hints

Dress up French dressing for fruit salad by adding a dash of cognac to your usual dressing mixture.

A drink in seasonal hue is made by mixing a jigger of cranberry juice with a dash of lemon juice and 1½ liggers of cognac. Shake well with ice and serve with cinnamon stick in the glass.

Winter squash—acorn, butter-nut and Hubbard—contains about 20 times more vitamin A than summer squash.

Dress up cooked celery with mushrooms and sliced almonds.

When cleaning porcelain sinks, avoid strong, gritty powders that may mar the finish. Scouring powders that have sanding action are kinder to the sink as well as to hands.

Make vegetables more interesting by topping them with a seasoned butter sauce, grated cheese, sautéed mushrooms or nuts.

Wrap strips of moist paper towelling or lightly crushed aluminium foil over the outside rim of a double crust pie. This will help make it golden-brown.

When substituting all-purpose flour for cake flour, use two tablespoons less per cup for flour called for.

TWO DRESSES BY
GRACE THORNCLIFFE

LEFT: Corduroy is doing so well this season that it has been treated to a holding of fur. This muted brown, wide-wale corduroy suit has a boxy jacket topped by a large shawl collar of racoon. An over-blouse of beige jersey and a matching beige jersey hat complete the picture. Good in town for ordinary daytime wear, the suit is ideal for smart suburban life.

RIGHT: There's a hint of the romantic in this daytime dress of green-beige or fawn-grey wool flannel. The rounded yoke line is broken to form a plastron bodice tapering to the high waistline. Unpressed box pleats fall from the centre. The rest of the dress hangs loosely falling from a narrow yoke line in back.

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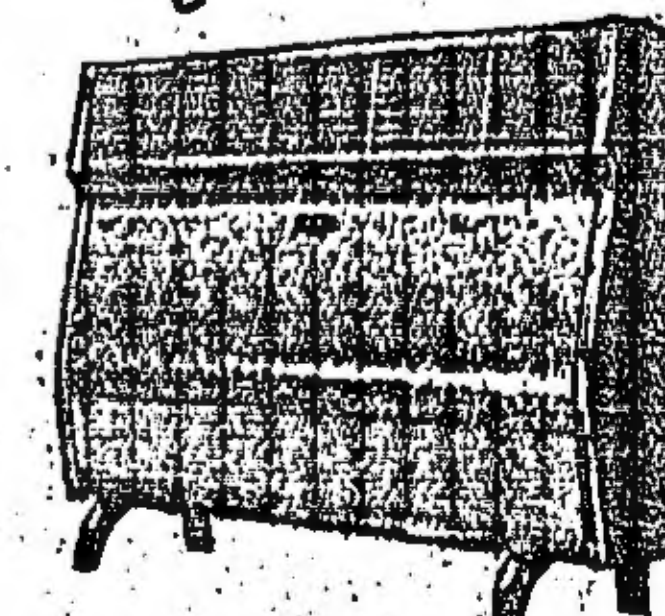
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ABOVE: Mr. D. Benson, Chairman of Stewards of the Hongkong Jockey Club, presents the Stewards' Cup to Mr. Y. S. Fung, owner of Red Light, after the race last Saturday. Mr. Kenny Kwok, the rider, is on the right.

★

RIGHT: The Hon. D. J. S. Crozier, Director of Education, is presented with a souvenir by young Miss Shirley Eng after he officially declared open the athletics meet of the Student Christian Centre.



ABOVE: Sergeant M. G. Hodges, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, and Miss Tso Pui-ling, formerly of the Star Advertising Co., Ltd., who were married at the Roman Catholic Cathedral recently.



ABOVE: Mrs. Robert S. Symington bonds down to hand Miss Ho Man-yee a prize during the Hongkong Student Christian Centre's sports meet which was held at the Army Ground, Boundary Street, this week.

BELOW: Mr. and Mrs. Hung Chi-ping pose for a photograph shortly after their wedding at the Registry this week. The bride is the former Miss Fung Suet-ying. The groom is on the staff of the Mercantile Bank.



ABOVE: Blessing on Sunday of the flag of the junk Rubia, which a party of young Spaniards will sail back to Barcelona. With the crew is seen the Rev. Fr. Vidal Clemente, who performed the blessing, and Mr. A. de O. Sales, Honorary Consul for Spain (second and first from right, respectively).



ABOVE: A happy group snapped at the Christ Church Youth Fellowship dance held on New Year's Eve.

★

LEFT: Lady Black presents a prize to young Mark Reave during the Kowloon Cricket Club's children's sports held on New Year's Day.

★

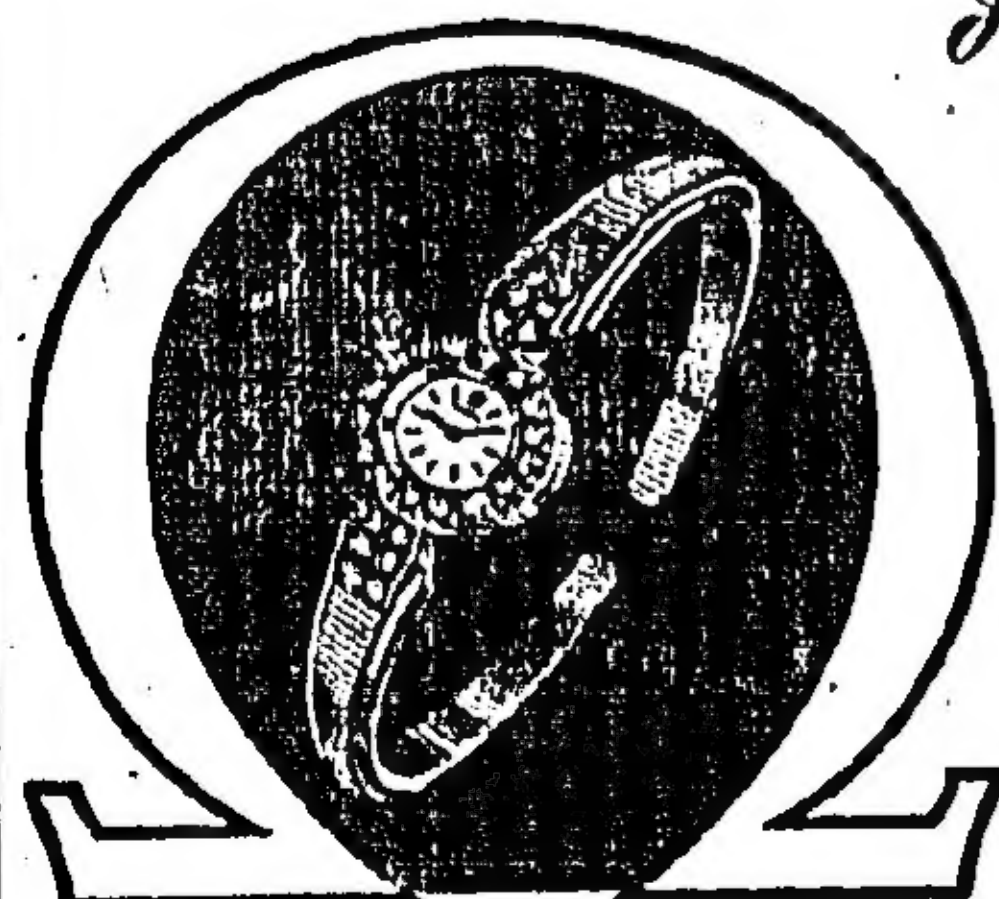
BELOW: Mr. W. I. J. Wallace (left), Assistant Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, is greeted by Civil Aviation Department's Mr. Fred Lillywhite. In the centre is Capt. J. F. Bunnell, A.D.C. to the Governor.



BELOW: The Hongkong Watch Importers' Association gave a party recently to welcome Mr. J. J. Balli (centre), director of the Swiss Watch Chamber of Commerce. L-R: Messrs William Lee, K. N. Wang, Dr. Berglas, Mr. R. Levi, Dr. G. Bonnant and Mr. Y. T. Lok.

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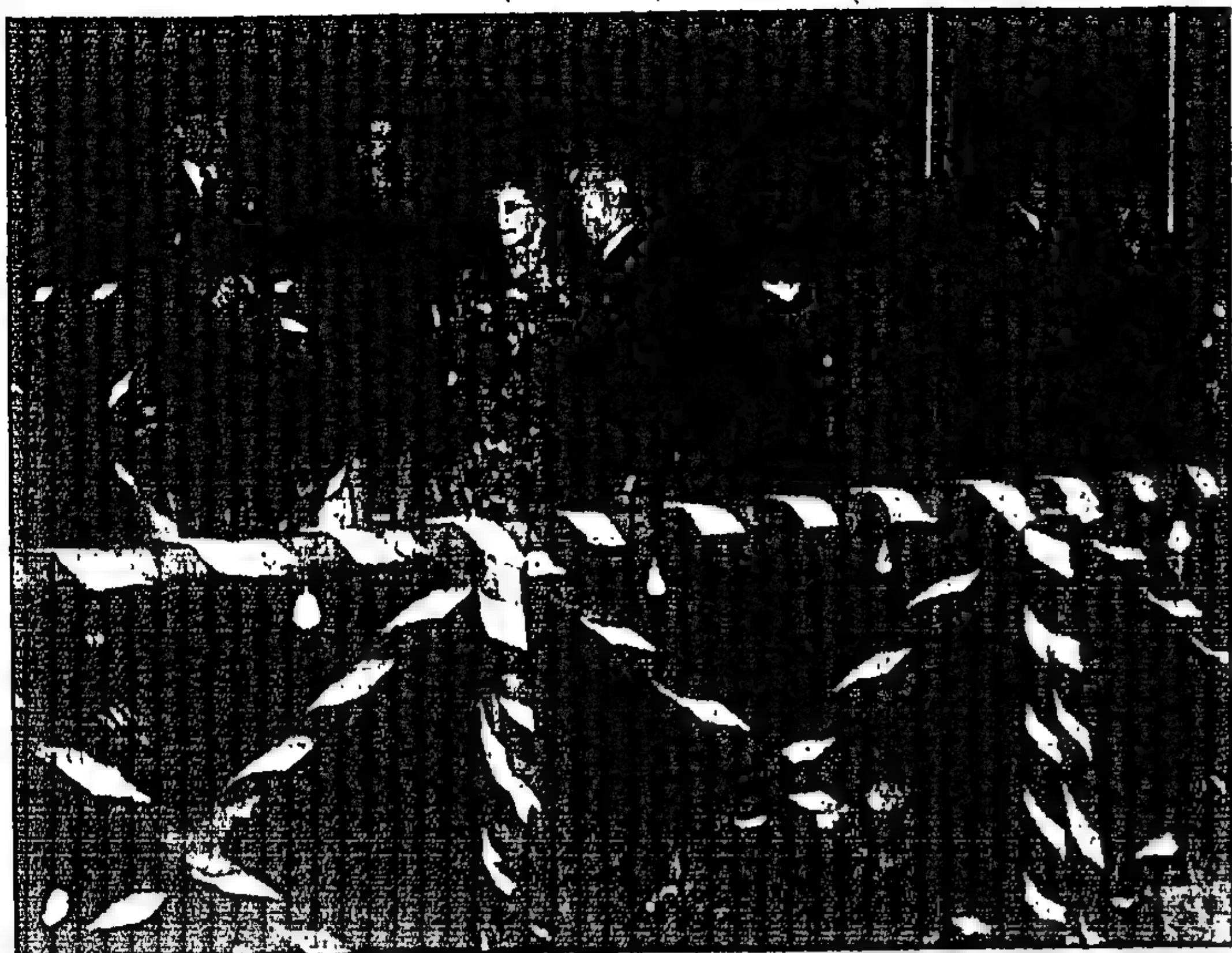
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ABOVE: Mrs. W. C. G. Knowles, wife of the Chairman of Messrs Butterfield and Swire (Hongkong) Ltd., chats with Mr. R. B. Ball (foreground) during the launching of the my Kweichow at Taikee Dockyard this week.

★

RIGHT: Mrs. D. W. B. Baron, wife of the director of Social Welfare, is presented with a bouquet after Mr. Baron had officially declared open the YWCA Resettlement Service Centre in Shok Kip Mei this week.



ABOVE: Mr. A. C. Maxwell, Commissioner of Police (left), arrives for the opening of the new Police station at Tsun Wan. He is accompanied by Mr. W. Segro, Assistant Commissioner of Police, New Territories and Marine Command.



ABOVE: Mr. S. W. Chan is presented with a bouquet after he officially declared open a three-day painting exhibition of works by Mr. S. Champion at St John's Cathedral Hall recently.

BELOW: A diminutive Father Christmas presents a gift to Mrs. M. Graw during a party at St Paul's Convent when over 200 orphans were entertained at a party by the Catholic Women's League.



ABOVE: Mr. Ernest C. Wong, principal director of the Tung Wah Group Hospitals (right), pays tribute at a dinner to Miss Wong Wai-man (second from left) the retiring Senior Matron of Tung Wah Hospital.



ABOVE: At a recent meeting of the Hongkong Junior Chamber of Commerce, outgoing President Colin Ure (Right) is seen handing over the gavel of office to Mr. John Mackenzie, incoming President.

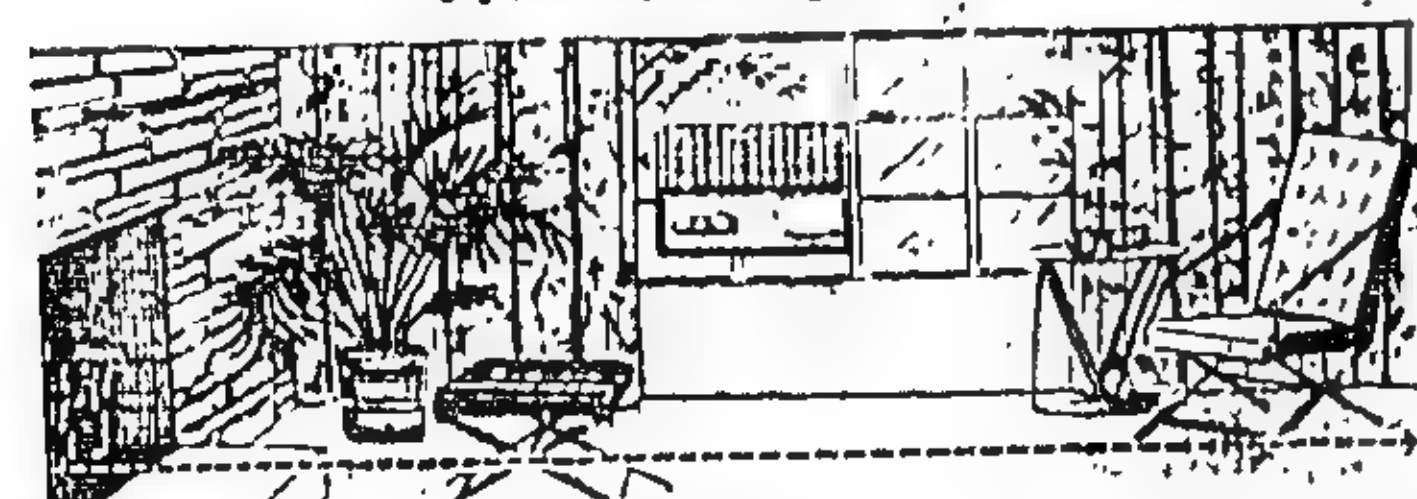
★ LEFT: Pretty Pearl Au, Hongkong movie starlet, sees snow for the first time in New York where she is now studying drama and English in preparation for a part in Otto Preminger's new film, "The Other Side of the Coin."

★ BELOW: A cocktail party was held recently to celebrate the engagement of Miss Guni Mohan to Mr. Lakshman Mohan. The couple is seen here with Mr. F. T. Mohan, right.



BELOW: Pretty Miss Exhibition — known better as Loung Kwai-lai (second from left) — poses after the ballots had been counted. L-R: Miss Chu Wai-yao, Miss Loung, Mr. Chu Shok-lun (President of the C.M.A.), Miss Lam Fai, Miss Eleanor Chan and Mr. C. C. Chu.

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A ROMPER SUIT FOR A BOY

MATERIALS:

8 ozs. Emu Easyknit in main colour, and a small quantity of same in contrast colour.

One pair of size 10 Emu Knitting Needles.
One set of size 12 needles pointed at both ends.
1/2 yard Narrow Elastic.

MEASUREMENTS:

PULL-UPS

Top of ribbing at waist to crutch 8 1/2 inches.

Leg seam from crutch to lower edge 9 1/2 inches.

Length of side seam from waist to lower edge 18 inches.

Width all round at widest part 27 inches.

JUMPER

Length from shoulder to lower edge 10 inches.

Width all round at underarms 21 inches.

Sleeve Seam 7 inches.

TENSION:

6 1/2 stitches to 1 inch.

ABBREVIATIONS:

K, knit; p, purl; st(a), stitch(es); dec., decrease; beg., beginning; rep., repeat; cont., continue; patt., pattern; w, fwd., wool forward; tog., together; inc., increase.

FRONT: * Using size 10 needles and main colour wool, cast on 68 sts. Work 5 rows in double fabric rib thus:—

K.1, * K.1, w, fwd., slip 1 purlwise, wool back, rep. from * to * 1 row. Change to contrast colour wool and work 3 rows in rib. Cont. in stocking st. (1 row K., 1 row p.) inc. along first row as follows, right side facing:—K.5, inc. on next and every following 3rd st. until 5 sts. remain, K.5 (68 sts.). When front is 8 1/2 inches in length, divide for legs as follows:—

* 1st row: K.42, and place these sts. on a stitch holder. Cont. across row as follows:—

2nd row: P.42.

3rd row: Cast off 1 st., K. to end.

4th row: P.

5th row: Cast off 1 st., K. to end (40 sts.).

Now continue without shaping in stocking st. until leg seam is 8 ins. in length from crutch. (P.2 tog. all along last row, reducing sts. to 20.) With right side facing, work 4 rows in K.1, p.1 rib. Using contrast colour wool work 2 rows in rib. Using main colour wool again, work 4 rows in rib. Work 7 rows in stocking st. Cast off. Rejoin wool to 42 sts. on stitch holder and work other leg to correspond.

BACK: Follow instructions for Front from * to *. P.1 row. Now with right side facing shape as follows:—

1st row: K. to last 8 sts., turn.

2nd row: P. to last 8 sts., turn.

3rd row: K. to last 16 sts., turn.

4th row: P. to last 16 sts., turn.

5th row: K. to last 24 sts., turn.

6th row: P. to last 24 sts., turn.

7th row: K. to last 32 sts., turn.

8th row: P. to last 32 sts., turn.

Now work straight across row and cont. in stocking st. until work measures 9 1/2 ins. in length to crutch. Now divide sts. for legs and work to match Front from * to *.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Join side and inside leg seams. Make an opening in ribbing at waist and thread with elastic.

JUMPER

FRONT: Using size 10 needles and main colour wool, cast on 62 sts., and p.1 row. With right side facing work as follows:—

1st row: * (p.2, k.1) 4 times, p.2, k.7, (p.2, k.1) 6 times, p.2, k.7, (p.2, k.1) 4 times, p.2.

2nd row: * (k.2, p.1) 4 times, k.2, p.7, (k.2, p.1) 6 times, k.2, p.7, (k.2, p.1) 4 times, k.2.

Rep. these 2 rows inc. 1 st. at each end of every 6th row 3 times (74 sts.). Work all increased sts. in stocking st. When front is 3 1/2 inches in length ending with a wrong side row, work as follows:—

1st row: Cast on and k.10 sts., pattern to end.

2nd row: Cast on and p.10 sts., now rep. 2nd pattern row from * to * once, then p.7, (k.2, p.1) 3 times.

3rd row: Cast on and k.10 sts., k.1, (p.2, k.1) twice, p.2, k.7, now rep. 1st pattern row from * to * once, then k.7, p.2 (k.1, p.2) twice, k.1.

4th row: Cast on and p.10 sts., p.1, (k.2, p.1) twice, k.2, p.7, now rep. 2nd pattern row from * to * once, then p.7, k.2 (k.1, k.2) twice, p.7, k.2, p.1, k.1.

5th row: Cast on 10 sts., k.9 of these cast on sts., p.2, k.1, p.2, k.7, (p.2, k.1) twice, p.2, k.7, now rep. 1st pattern row from * to * once, k.7, p.2 (k.1, p.2) twice, k.7, p.2, k.1, k.1.

6th row: Cast on 10 sts., p.9 of these sts., and k.1, then work in pattern to end of row (134 sts.).

7th row: Underarm shapings are now completed. With a border of 9 stocking sts. at each end continue in pattern without shaping until work measures 7 1/2 inches from the beg., ending with a wrong side row.

Shape Neck: Pattern 57, cast off 20 sts., pattern to end.

Leave first group of sts. on a spare needle and complete right side of neck. Keeping sleeve edge straight, cast off 2 sts. at neck edge on next and following 2 alternate rows. Continue without shaping until work measures 8 1/2 inches from the beg. Cast on at neck edge 2 sts. on 3 following alternate rows, then 20 sts. for back neck on next alternate row; leave sts. a side. Join wool to remaining 57 sts. left on spare needle and complete to correspond. When 3 inches at neck edge have been completed, join work and pattern across all sts. to end of row. (134 sts.) Continue without shaping until Back matches Front to beg. of underarm shapings. Still keeping to pattern, cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of following 8 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of 3rd and every following 4th row, 3 times in all. Then dec. 1st. at both ends on 3 following 6th rows. (62 sts.) When work measures 7 1/2 ins. at centre back, cast off.

WELTS: Using size 10 needles, cast on 22 sts. Work in p.2, k.1 rib for 9 inches, and cast off. Work another 9 inches in length to match.

CUFFS: Using size 10 needles, cast on 13 sts. Work in p.2, k.1 rib for 5 1/2 inches. Cast off. Work another 5 1/2 inches in length to match.

COLLAR: With right side facing, using set of 4 size 12 needles, (point at both ends) and main colour wool, k. up 76 sts. round neck edge, 23 sts. on first needle, 26 sts. on second needle and 26 sts. on third needle. Work 3 rounds in k.1, p.1 rib. Now working in p. complete 5 rounds, then join in contrast colour wool and

work 2 rounds, then 2 rounds in main colour and cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out each piece of garment to correct measurements and press lightly with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Stitch front and back welt to front and back of jumper, and cuffs to lower edge of each sleeve. Now join side and sleeve seams. Press again.

YOUR BIRTHDAY . . . By STELLA

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10

BORN today, you have exceptional powers, provided only you learn how to use them. Direct your energies into some constructive channel and you will find that you are making better than average progress. If, however, you don't plan your activities carefully, you may find you are going around in circles and not getting anywhere in particular. You have a good head for business detail. Use it all the time.

You will discover, if you watch, that there appears to be two days each week on which you seem to have excellent success. On those days, everything you do is exactly right! So plan important things for Tuesdays and Saturdays. Although, as a rule, you are optimistic and expect the best of everything all the time, you will find that these definite cycles occur when your efforts turn out better than at other times. During the slow days, sit back and wait for the clouds to pass you by. You can make up for it later.

Guard your tongue when you are angry. You often say and do things which you regret the moment you have cooled off. Much easier to count 10 and not say them than to patch things up after you have spoken out of turn. These outbreaks in part, may be due to your health, which is not as robust as it might be. When you are overworked, you are actually ill. These are the times when you have temper outbursts. Take care of your health and get plenty of simple food and outdoor exercise. Then you will find you are less inflammable.

Among those born on this date are: John W. Root, architect; Julien Dubuque, Iowa pioneer; Ethan Allen, early Vermont patriot; Howard Chandler Christy, artist; Marshal Michel Ney, French general.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 11

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—If you have been away and must be back on the job tomorrow, flying is your best solution.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Perhaps you will see exactly the house you want to rent. Speak for it today!

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Your marriage partner should bring you special joy today. There is harmony and happiness.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—A day for a friendly meeting with someone you may not have seen for some time.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Relax tensions today and restore your energies. Forget about doing any work. This is a day of rest.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—This should be a pleasant time for a family get-together. Sunday dinner at your house?

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—True love does not always run smoothly—and this is one of the days it doesn't!

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—If driving out in the country, you may come across an antique you want for the house. Get it!

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—A friendly argument in which pros and cons of a project are debated could bring good results.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Your fraternal organization may be having a social get-together. Attend and enjoy yourself.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Attending church and hearing a fine sermon could prove a real inspiration.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24-Dec. 23)—A good lecture this evening might serve as a starting point for you in a new project.

Let's Eat

BY IDA BAILEY ALLEN

Greek-Style Recipes For A Holiday Buffet

"HERE is a fascinating invitation, Madame," said the Chef, "to attend a gala buffet supper and wine tasting on S.S. Queen Frederica. It comes from Constantine C. Condoyannis, RHN, Admiral-Commander."

"Of course we will accept," I replied, "undoubtedly we will taste many foods that are new and interesting."

Fascinating Display

The buffet display was even more fascinating and delectable than I had expected. The Chef and I tasted every food. The Executive Chef, Joannis Dianglis, and his assistants kindly managed time to answer our questions.

So we returned to the test kitchen, tested and adapted recipes as necessary.

We suggest that, as part of your holiday entertaining, you might plan the following refreshingly different supper, including a few of the fine foods we enjoyed.

Buffet Supper Greek Style

Baby Lamb Liver Squares Sauté
Small Lamb and Green Pepper Shish Kebabs
Red Caviar Salad
Greek Islands Style Boiled Shrimp with Green Mayonnaise Sauce
Stuffed Tomatoes Greek Style
Green Country Vegetable Salad Tossed with Feta Cheese
Cheese Pastries
Greek Olives
Mocha Cream Cake
Coffee

The following recipes serve 8 to 12; Greek olive oil is the favourite oil to use.

Baby Lamb Liver Squares: Cut thin-sliced baby lamb liver in 1 1/2 in. squares. Dust with salt, pepper and oregano. Sauté about 3 min. in olive oil.

Red Caviar Salad: Greek Islands Style: Boil 6 medium white potatoes. Mash smooth; season with 2 tbsp. olive oil, 5 drops garlic juice, 1 tbsp. finely grated onion, 1 1/2 tsp. salt and

1/4 tsp. pepper. Add 3 hot 7-min. cooked eggs and 1/3 c. red caviar.

Whip or buzz in a blender until smooth and of spreadable consistency. If necessary add a little cream and buzz it in.

Pack into a shallow serving bowl. Flute edge. Garnish with Greek olives and minced parsley; then refrigerate.

Serve as a spread on Melba toast or crisp Greek crackers.

Stuffed Tomatoes Greek Style: Use 12 small whole tomatoes. Scoop out pulp and reserve. Just tomatoes with salt. Arrange in baking pan rubbed with olive oil.

In saucepan, fry 1/2 c. fine-cut onion in 1/4 c. olive oil until lightly browned.

Add tomato pulp. Slow-saute 5 min.

Then add 2 c. cooked white rice, 1/2 c. pignolia (pine nuts), 1/2 c. Greek currants, 1 tbsp. each minced parsley and 1/4 tsp. mint flakes, and salt and pepper to taste.

When thoroughly heated, remove from range and use to stuff tomatoes.

Bake about 20 min. in moderate oven, 350°-375° F., basting occasionally with a little olive oil. Cool.

Garnish with parsley. **Cheese Pastry Triangles:** Make up 1 recipe flaky pie pastry. Cut into 4 in. squares.

In centre of each put 1 tbsp. shredded sharp Cheddar cheese. Moisten edges with cold water; fold over and press together to make triangles.

Bake in hot oven, 400° F. about 12 min., or until well browned. Serve warm.

Tomorrow's Dinner

Big Tossed Mixed Salads: Boiled Dried Lima Beans
Broiled Ham Slices
Mustard Sauce
Mocha Layer Cake
Coffee
Tea Milk
Trick Of The Chef

When baking dried lima beans, season with a little powdered basil and chopped onion. Use dairy sour cream instead of salt pork.

MONDAY, JANUARY 12

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—It's likely that change is in the air for you. Go with the tide. It's for you.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Make do just now with the budget you have rather than extending your credit.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Postpone a business trip, if you can, until later in the week. Conditions are better then.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Think twice before loaning any money. Be sure that the collateral is adequate.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Solve your own problems rather than taking it up with the "big boss." They're too busy today.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—If making an addition to the house, get estimates now and have your plans ready for spring.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—If buying a new car or radio, this is a fine day to find an excellent buy.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Any important change in your routine should be all for the best at this time.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24-Dec. 23)—Those who have dealings with railroads will find conditions are good today.

EXCESS FURNITURE

CHICAGO. MOST home makers buy too much furniture, says interior decorator Marion Heuer.

They clutter up their rooms with too much furniture and too many colours, she said, and fall prey to "old wives' tales" in decorating—northern exposures require warm colours, for instance.

Mrs. Heuer, whose clients include home owners, apartment building and hotel operators along the wealthy North Shore, believes it is cheaper and smarter to engage a professional interior decorator. But for novices who belong to the do-it-yourself school, she offers a few rules:

—Don't be too price-conscious on each item. Splurge on something important like a cocktail table, then balance by spending less than originally planned on something else.

—Don't be too price-conscious. A room is a room, and can be enlivened by bright colours in accessories—pillows, wall hangings, or an occasional chair.

—Choose draperies of lightweight material that will allow light to come through. "They should seem part of the wall," she said.

—Combine woods with discretion. "Walnut and cherry are fine with mahogany, but certainly you shouldn't combine 18th century mahogany with blonde woods."

—Consider the so-called distractions. If there are children in the family, accidental nicks in the wood can be touched up with dark paint and made to appear part of the original finish.

—Hang accessories with the same knack a well-dressed woman uses in wearing jewelry. "The cheapest can look smart if properly hung. It makes the difference between style and no style," she said.

—MARGUERITE DAVIS



Crystal-white KARO Syrup, with the Red Label, is a valuable stand-by in the kitchen; ideal for home-made biscuits and candies . . . for topping and filling cakes . . . or glazing ham. Ready to use straight out of the bottle.

Karo Crystal White SYRUP
The purest corn syrup you can buy



WHY THE MAIL NAMES THREE PEOPLE TO READ THIS FRANK BOOK

By DOUGLAS CLARK

NOT BEFORE has the China Mail ever handed over one book to three different writers to review. But this is a most exceptional book, exceptional in its disclosures on the policy-moulding people and events of the convulsive years spanned by the lifetime of King George VI. For this reason the Mail has invited four commentators of widely differing personality to read it—and answer the question: "What does this book mean to me?" First assessment stresses the political side.....

TODAY — Why he was A Man of Munich and why Edward VIII was never called 'Mr E. Windsor.'

KING GEORGE VI was A Man of Munich. All through that agonising crisis of 1938 his support sustained and inspired Neville Chamberlain.

"How much I admired your courage and wisdom in going to see Hitler," he wrote after the Premier's flight to Berchtesgaden. On the day Chamberlain returned from signing the Munich Pact, a royal message offering "most heartfelt congratulations" awaited him at Heston Airport.

That night, at the King's request, he appeared with the King and Queen on the balcony of Buckingham Palace to accept the cheers of London.

And when the critics began to bark, the King reacted as sharply as his mother, Queen Mary, who wrote to him: "I am sure you feel as angry as I do at people croaking as they do at the P.M.'s action. For once I agree with Lady Oxford."

Why do I tell this story? Because it shows how George VI instinctively mirrored the popular view. In that lay the secret of his remarkably successful reign.

To be effective the monarch today must be the people's man.

In a splendid, aristocratic way he must stand for the opinions and virtues of the majority. He must be orthodox, predictable—in the grand style. In him the humdrum attitudes of the plain man must glitter.

All this was King George VI: the conventional English aristocrat with the common touch. And the public sensed it.

NEW BOND

Today a brilliant piece of research (John Wheeler-Bennett's **KING GEORGE VI. His Life and Reign**, Macmillan, 60s.), drawing on the King's private diaries and letters, confirms George VI's uncanny knack of thinking with the mind of the King in the street.

"Personally I feel happier now that we have no allies to be polite to and to pump," he wrote to Queen Mary when France fell in 1940.

It was an absurd, an almost incredible judgment on that shattering event. But it is not exactly how millions felt?

Later that year the King rejoiced again. The blitz came, and even more than before he could feel himself at one with the people. "We have found a new bond with them," he exulted. The Buckingham Palace has been bombed as well as their homes, and nobody is immune from it.

Four and a half years on, when VE night came, he made the perfect gesture to delight the nation. He sent his daughters out, in the care of a party of young officers, to join the celebrations in the Mall.

"Poor darlings," he wrote in his diary, "they have never had any fun yet."

Perhaps it was this—the sense of his identity with the plain man's mind—that so swiftly won him the respect of his Ministers. For there is no doubt of the powerful influence he exerted on great affairs.

A FAILURE

To be sure, his only attempt to interfere with the supreme political appointment was a failure. When Chamberlain fell in May 1940, he was quite clear who his successor as Premier should be. "I, of course," suggested Halifax.

He accepted the claims of Churchill with frank reluctance. For once the aristocrat muffled the common touch.

But, when the Socialists took office in 1945, it is clear that it was the King who persuaded Attlee to put Ernest Bevin in the Foreign Office instead of the Exchequer.

Attlee has since denied that Buckingham Palace had anything to do with it. But the fresh evidence of the King's diary is unanswerable.

TWO SHY MEN What was the royal view on the major issues of the war and afterwards?

The King was prolific with advice to Churchill, with whom he quickly established the closest comradeship. Every Tuesday they lunched, and the King poured out his opinions.

He was anxious that a Second Front should not be opened prematurely. He hoped conscription would be retained after the war.

As for India, he was amazed to find the Prime Minister increasingly resigned to "giving it up to the Indians. I disagree, and have always said India has got to be governed."

When Attlee became Premier there was an awkward phase. Both men were shy. "At the moment," says Mr. Wheeler-Bennett, "the Prime Minister's audience were not infrequently marked by long silences."

Oddly, the King took more readily to Aneurin Bevan who himself a stammerer—at their very first meeting saw fit to congratulate him on the way he had mastered his speech defect.

"I found him easy to talk to," Soon the royal advice was flowing again. It was not that

the King was unsympathetic to the Socialist Government's aims. But couldn't they go a little more slowly? All this nationalisation—wasn't it overcrowding the parliamentary timetable?

It is remarkable that so diffident a man could settle into the Sovereign's job so confidently.

Consider his upbringing. The education of Princes has changed for the better since his time. They now go to boarding school, mix freely with other children, grow up healthily under the public eye.

King George by contrast was educated behind an Iron Curtain still he was 13, taught by an intolerably fussy tutor. There were the stammer too. These were handicaps to unsettle any growing boy, and to drive him still further into a defensive shell, he had always to put up with the superior sparkle and vivacity of his elder brother David.

Yet through it all, George VI managed to acquire not only the plain Englishman's point of view, but also the plain Englishman's dislike of being pushed about.

Beyond the shyness there was a streak of steel. It flashed on the day of Edward VIII's Abdication.

The question of a title for his brother had to be settled. Edward was to go on the radio that night and B.B.C. chief Sir John Reith was proposing to introduce him as Mr Edward Windsor.

Anxiously Sir Claud Schuster, from the Lord Chancellor's office, sought an interview with the new King.

This dialogue—an abridged version of the King's own record—look place between them:

Schuster: I suggest H.R.H. Duke of Windsor. He cannot be Mr Edward Windsor. If he ever came back to this country he could stand and be elected to the House of Commons. Would you like that?

King: As Duke of Windsor he could sit and vote in the House of Lords. Would you like that?

Schuster: No.

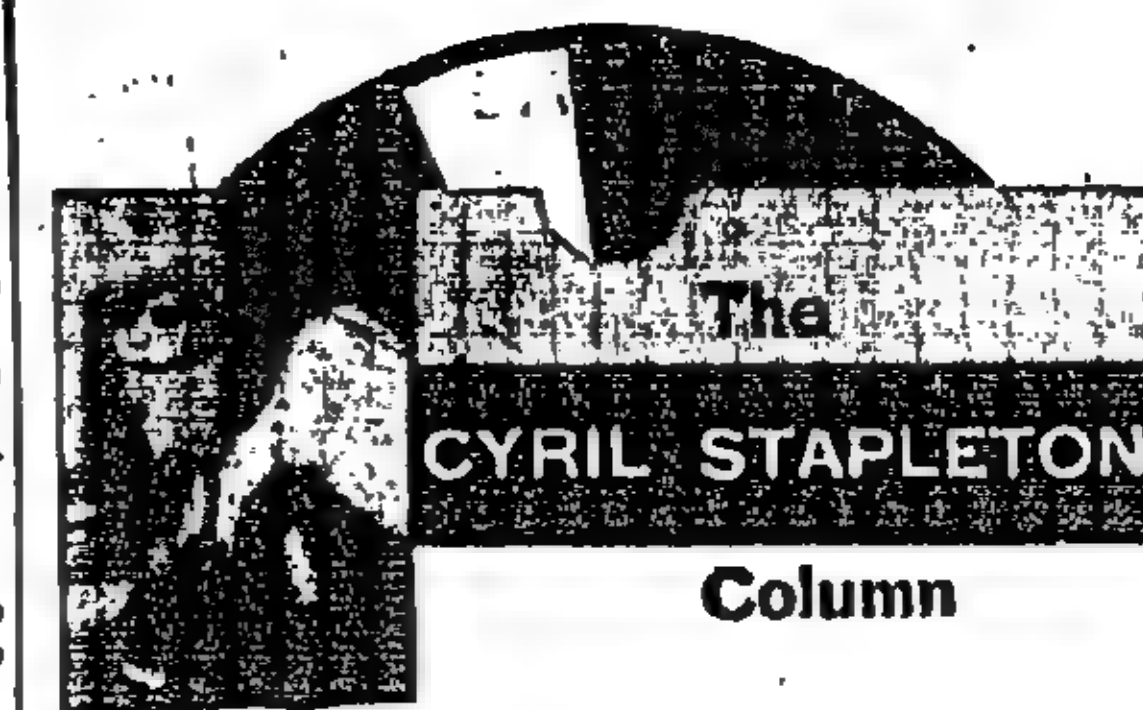
King: Well, if he becomes a royal duke he cannot speak or vote in the Lords.

A DECISION

This quick, astute decision at the very moment of his accession foreshadowed the sort of King he was to be. A Sovereign of this calibre was not likely to confine himself to laying foundation stones.

The other two people whose views you'll be reading

ANNE EDWARDS, LORD ALTRINCHAM.



THE EYES HAVE IT

I AM now a confirmed stereophonic fan, having shaken off the mild lunacy that possession of a 3-D sound first induces. You march unsuspecting callers around the place, gleefully omitting to warn them that an express train will roar across the room with a deafening reverberation. This trick unfortunately can't be worked twice. They don't call again.

But if you fancy rousing your guests, and provided you've got 233 or more to spare, then order one of the special stereo-sound record players.

After you've got the novelty phase out of your system, you will settle down to true appreciation of full-dimensional music.

So, breaking new ground once again, I propose to start a regular Stereo Record Review in this column.

There are stereo records for all tastes. For instance, there is a fine performance from American concert pianist Van Cliburn of the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto on R.C.A.

Or, in a more spectacular vein, Decca have the 1812 Overture played by the London Symphony Orchestra, augmented by the Band of the Grenadier Guards, with authentic battle atmosphere supplied by (I believe) the guns of Windsor Castle.

Even that master of remote perfection, Heifetz, sounds more approachable and human when Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto takes on another dimension on the R.C.A. label.

Part of the same composer's "Nutcracker Suite" gets a swing treatment from the band of Les Brown on one track of Capitol's "Concert Modern."

Or, if you prefer a lighter touch, listen to Capitol's "Stars in Stereo," featuring Harry James, Nat Cole, Jackie Gleason, Les Baxter, Frank Sinatra, "et al."

Sinatra's "A Fool to Want You" is Frank at his best. Verdict on the stereo records: The more spacious the music, and the larger the orchestra, the greater the thrill.

Dickie Valentine, having cut adrift from Decca after a longish stay, has signed a

recording contract with Pye-Nixa.

THE EYES HAVE IT

I watch with scepticism the arrival of yet another idol in this teenage world of rock 'n' roll.

Cliff Richard is his name, and although he has managed to get his record called "Move It" to the top of the Best Sellers, he has not so far managed to move me. However, always being willing to applaud new talent, I went along to see one of his first appearances in a London theatre.

Oh, yes, I'd been warned that the police would be there holding back the crowds of fervent fans. The only doubt in my mind was how many fervent fans one could expect from an artist who had only scored with one record.

But all was quiet at Finsbury Park Empire. No sardonic bobbies holding back the crowds outside. Yet inside, padded chairs, the moment Cliff Richard came on stage.

With the face

Richard is the new 18-year-old rock 'n' roll Romeo who, is deposing Tommy Steele as Britain's Elvis Presley. And he proved it. He postured, pranced, and postulated. The girl fans in the front rows squealed hysterically.

Back in the star dressing-room he assured me that the posturing is all part of the music. "Rock 'n' roll has to be sung with the face and body," he explained.

"I like to fix my eyes on them, to get them going."

The eyes are remarkable. Black and piercing. His stage garb is even more hypnotic—his jacket and tie are two shades' shocking pink, worn a

black shirt, tight black jeans, and a sullen expression. The sullen look isn't intended to emphasise the Presley resemblance.

THE EYES HAVE IT

The difference

"The reason I don't smile is because I've got a crooked tooth, got to get it capped. When it's done, I'll smile more."

Richard rejected my notion that all rock 'n' roll songs sound alike.

"They've all got different words," he points out. He shrugs off the fact that we can't hear them. "It's the interpretation," he explains patiently. "We all feel the song differently. I don't like people saying I'm a carbon copy of Presley."

"Now take those tenors—Mario Lanza and Toni Dall. Nobody accuses them of copying. Giff, although they all sound the same to me."

The Richard taste in music, I rather, is on the narrow side. Frank Sinatra? "I can take him," Richard conceded. His tone suggested that he could also leave him.

"It's a funny thing. Some of my fans even like Perry Como too."

I asked him how long he has been a professional singer. "Since August the ninth," he answered promptly.

Before that he had worked in a market garden and a factory. Although he is not the tonic for my gin, he is as good a singer as any other of his type—and he can hold an audience. His immediate ambition "re-usable; if a trifle mundane, I want to have a house, for mum and a car for myself."

And I've heard that one before too

I bring you today first record reviews of 3-D Sound!

TOP TEN

1. MOON'S MON Lord Rockingham's XI (Decca) (1)
2. IT'S ONLY MAKE BELIEVE Conway Twitty (M.G.M.) (3)
3. TOM DOOLEY Lonnie Donegan (Pye-Nixa) (6)
4. IT'S ALL IN THE GAME Tommy Edwards (M.G.M.) (2)
5. A CERTAIN SMILE Johnny Mathis (Fontana) (4)
6. TEA FOR TWO CHA CHA Tommy Dorsey Orchestra (Brunswick) (11)
7. MORE THAN EVER Malcolm Vaughan (H.M.V.) (8)
8. TOM DOOLEY Kingston Trio (Capitol) (17)
9. HIGH CLASS BABY Cliff Richard (Columbia) (14)
10. LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND Perry Como (RCA) (9)

FIGURES IN BRACKETS SHOW LAST WEEK'S PLACINGS.

tunes, now finds that his latest L.P., based on Broadway show tunes played with a Latin-American beat, is becoming a best seller.

CONCERTO

WITH WORDS

A song which is becoming increasingly popular in America is called "The World Outside." The title may convey nothing to you but when you hear the tune, you'll immediately recognise it as our old friend "The Warsaw Concerto."

Ever since Richard Addinsell wrote this wonderful theme for the film "Dangerous Moonlight," he has been pestered by would-be lyric writers wanting to set words to his music. Up until now, he has turned them all down and not even the added incentive of a new crop of royalties would induce him to change his mind. Until six months ago.

GIMMICK

THAT GOES

THE crazier the disc scene becomes, the greater the power of the gimmick. It is the magic touchstone that turns a worthless biscuit of shellac into a million-selling golden record.

Very latest gimmick in the States is a save-the-teen-agers campaign. They have now recorded a musical code of conduct—and called it, with doubtful taste, "The Teen Commandments."

This Tin Pan Alley sermon is delivered by three top popsters—Paul Anka, George Hamilton IV, and Johnny Nash.

Sales potential? It is regarded in hysterical Stateside trade circles as "bolfo," "socco"—a hit material.

"A strict set of rules for moral, healthy lives," enthuses Billboard, the American show business weekly.

Mock plety in recording even extends to the most enduring pop-theme of all—romance.

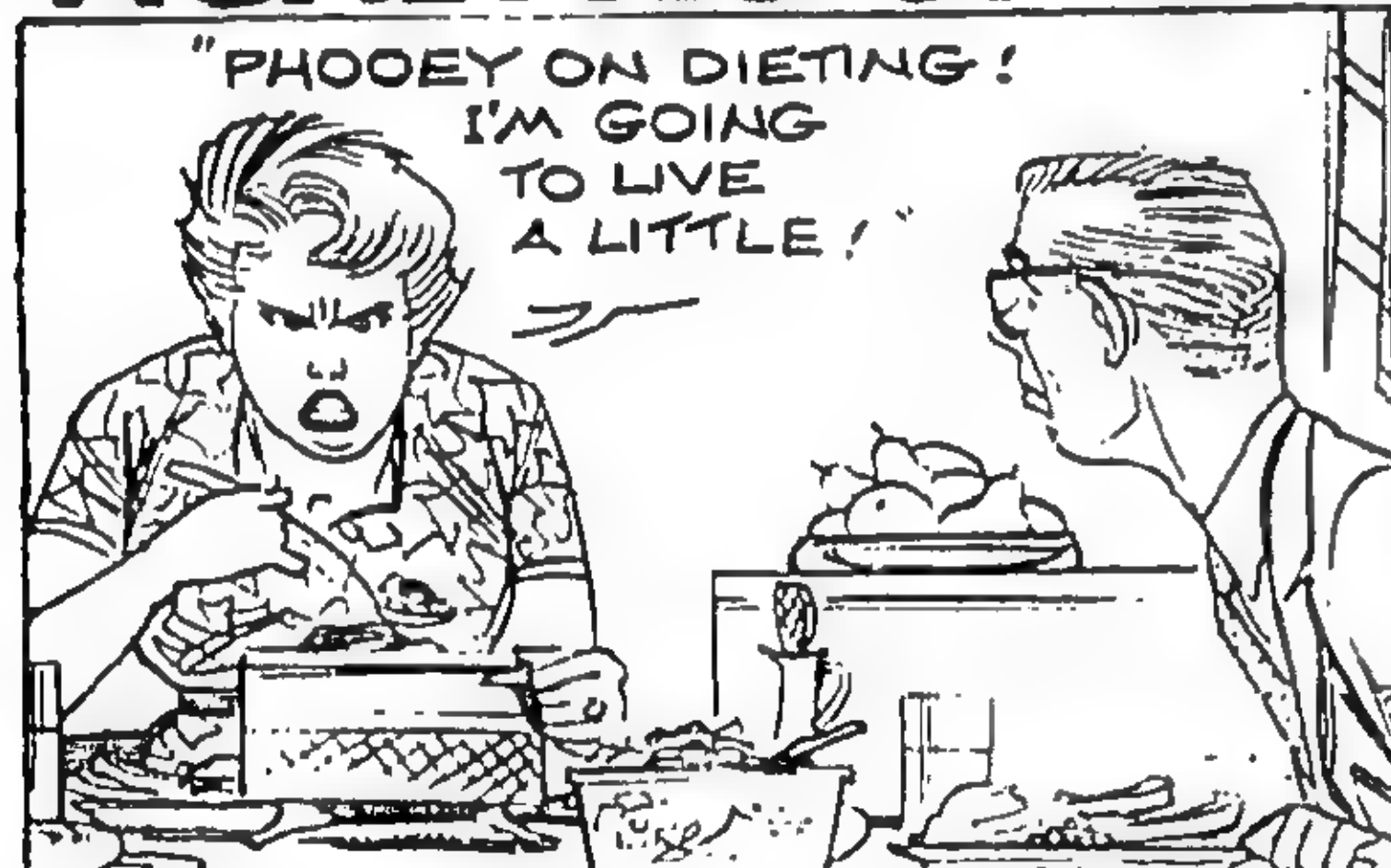
Harvey and the Moon Glows are currently engaging American ears with a little homily entitled "The Ten Commandments of Love."

When these records are issued in Britain the B.B.C. is going to reach quickly for the blue pencil. The Corporation is traditionally sensitive to this type of pops.

RCA VICTOR will send a team of technicians to Elvis Presley's barracks so that he can record an album of hymns dedicated to his mother. That should reassure him in the matter of royalties.

Presley's latest release in America explains all those frenzied pelvic gyrations. It is called "I Got Blues."

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



"PHOOEY ON DIETING! I'M GOING TO LIVE A LITTLE!"



ON OR ABOUT JANUARY 31 WE WILL SEE THE NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS BITE THE DUST ONE BY ONE.



6 7 8 OF LINE SCHEDULE X MINUS TAX WITHHELD...

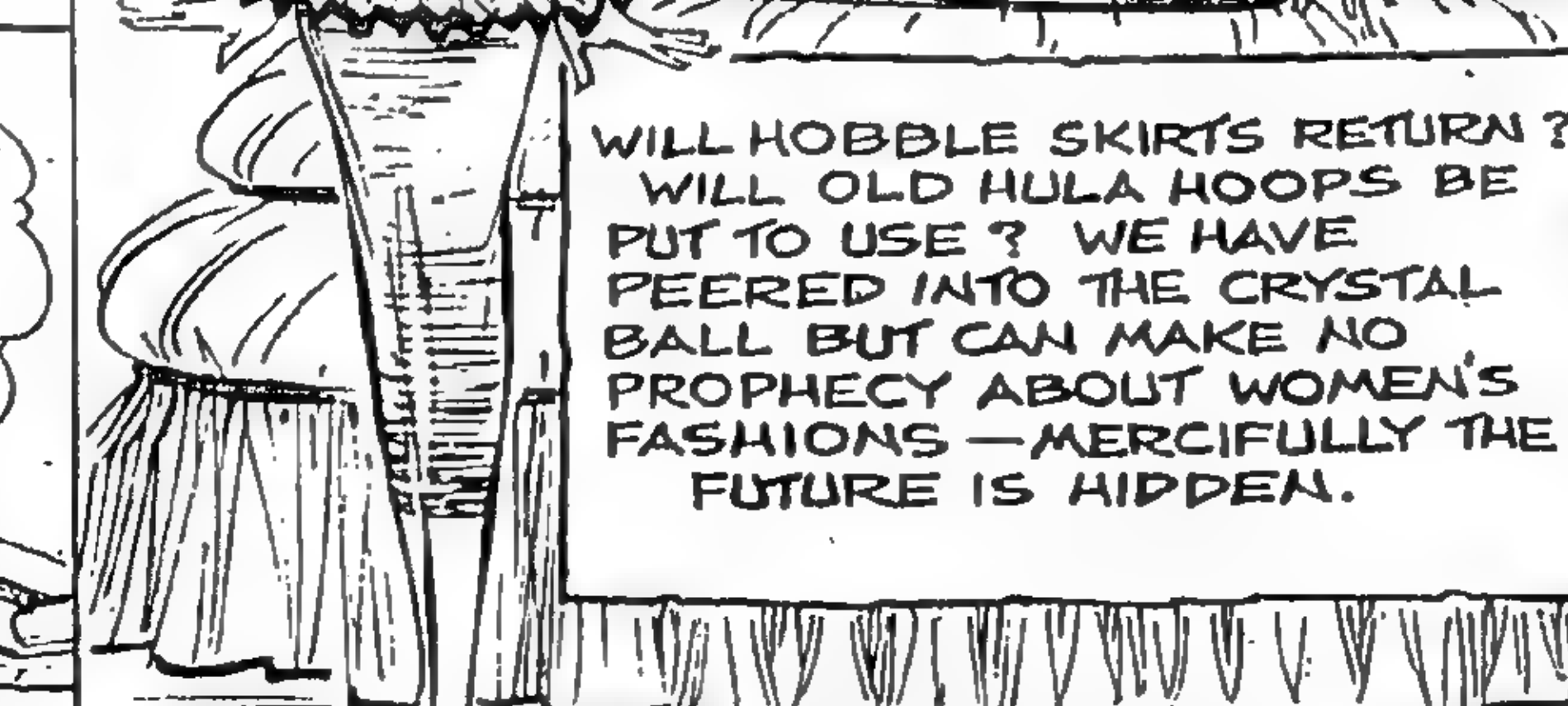


APRIL WILL BE A MONTH OF HEADACHES AS CITIZENS TAKE THEIR ANNUAL REFRESHMENT COURSE IN ARITHMETIC.

New Year Prophecies



WILL HOBBLE SKIRTS RETURN? WILL OLD HULA HOOPS BE PUT TO USE? WE HAVE PEERED INTO THE CRYSTAL BALL BUT CAN MAKE NO PROPHECY ABOUT WOMEN'S FASHIONS—MERCIFULLY THE FUTURE IS HIDDEN.



12-28



IN JULY WE ANTICIPATE AN INCREASE IN THE SUNBURN REMEDY BUSINESS—SOME PEOPLE NEVER LEARN.



—AND IN AUGUST THEY REGRET THAT THEY TOOK THEIR VACATION IN JULY.

By Harry Weinert



IN MAY WE'LL PLANT SOME FLOWER SEEDS AND PROVE AGAIN THAT THE ONLY WAY THAT WE WILL EVER HAVE A GREEN THUMB IS TO PAINT IT.



OCTOBER WILL BE THE MONTH TO START PREPARING FOR A HARD WINTER.



IN NOVEMBER WE WILL BE AMAZED AT THE FLIGHT OF TIME AND THAT CHRISTMAS IS SNEAKING UP ON US ONCE MORE.



AMM! HE MUST BE LEFT OVER FROM HALLOWEEN

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Jonathan's New Friend

JONATHAN picked his way carefully along the steep path leading down to the settlement. A thin snow was beginning to fall.

The snow would warn him if there were any Indians about. He could easily distinguish the imprint of their moccasins on the white ground.

"Keep your eyes open, son," his father had warned that morning. "The Redskins are restless. Some thieving trapper must have stolen their furs. As he turned a bend in the trail, he heard a low cry above the howl of the wind. It was faint and distant, and Jonathan was unable to understand the words, but it was clearly a cry for help.



Jonathan speedily worked the Indian boy's foot free.

It came from behind a thick clump of bushes just below him. He quickly reached the spot.

and parting the bushes he saw a tiny Indian lad, huddled on the ground, shivering with cold and crying pitifully. Jonathan saw that the boy's foot had become caught in a huge tree root, which held him fast.

Falling to his knees, Jonathan speedily worked the foot free, then briskly massaged it to restore the circulation. The Indian boy looked up at him gratefully, his large brown eyes seeming to say "Thank you," although he could speak no English.

"Poor little fellow," Jonathan muttered. "You probably are lost. I'll take you back to your people."

The Indian village was nearly three miles west. At last the two weary boys reached the Indian village. Two

braves hurried toward them. Jonathan was frightened, remembering what his father had told him. As the pair of Indians came closer, Jonathan's young charge rushed forward to greet one of the men, laughing happily. Realizing that no words could be exchanged between the Indians and himself, Jonathan turned and plodded through the snow toward the settlement.

The following day three Indians came to his father's cabin. They carried a wild turkey one of them had killed. They gave the turkey to Jonathan with a broad smile.

"Well," laughed Jonathan's father when the red men had departed, "when you rescued that Indian boy yesterday, you may have saved our scalps as well."

—Stuart Covington

Big Rock Is Album

THE Indian reservation country of west central New Mexico has one of this country's most interesting natural landmarks. It resembles a huge castle towering over the surrounding plateau. A closer inspection discloses a 200-foot sandstone cliff, scarred by weather and time.

Its base contains a fascinating history of the old Southwest. Indians, Spaniards and, later, Americans pushing West reached in its shade and quenched their thirst in the cool water of the pool nearby. All left their marks here.

A trail, worn smooth by generations of footsteps, climbs up the mesa wall. High on its sides primitive Indians carved their messages in the form of human and animal figures. Pictographs tell of their hunts and battles. The remains of two Indian pueblos across the mesa, where scattered pieces of brightly ornamented pottery and vacant stone-walled rooms are mute evidence of a people who lived here some 700 years ago, then vanished.

DURING THE Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries, the Spaniards, seeking the legendary "Seven Cities of Cibola," camped here and named the



THE FASCINATING HISTORY OF THE OLD SOUTHWEST IS PARTIALLY INSCRIBED IN THE SANDSTONE CLIFFS AND RUINS OF THE INDIAN RESERVATION COUNTRY OF WESTERN NEW MEXICO.

rock El Morro, meaning "the headland." They etched across its face a rambling record of their travels across this western land. About 500 names and inscriptions have been deciphered. The earliest Spanish writing is the carefully carved signature of Governor Juan de Onate and the date "a 10 de Abril de 1605" (the 10th of April 1605). Others wrote "paso por aqui" (passed by here). Conquistadors added their names and boasted of their conquests. The last decipherable date, cut by Spanish wanderers is 1774.

—Anne Earle

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

Visit With Herbert Hoover:
HOOVER REBUS

Use the words and pictures to fullest advantage to discover Puzzle Pete's four facts about President Herbert Hoover. You'll find his birthplace, his father's occupation, his middle name and something he was quite active doing.

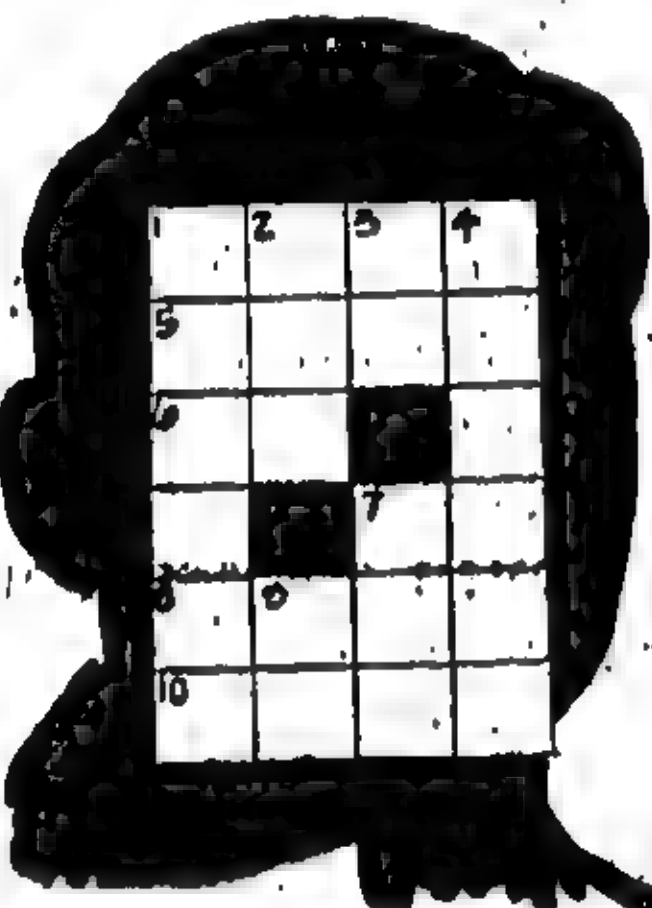


REVERSALS

Three facts about President Hoover are concealed here. If you have trouble finding them, try reading them backward: REVOOH YRNEH UOL REENIGNE GNINIM TNEIDISERP TS13

HOOVER CROSSWORD

Cartoonist: Cal drew Puzzle Pete's crossword puzzle on the silhouette of President Hoover:



ACROSS

- Hoover's nickname
- One time
- Olive drab (ab.)
- Right (ab.)
- One of the five Great Lakes
- Erect

DOWN

- Our host's name
- Conclusion
- Red Cross (ab.)
- Improved in health
- Narrow inlet
- Musical note

SCRAMBLED SENTENCE

Puzzle Pete had trouble with his sentence about President Hoover, but perhaps you can straighten it out for him: Hoover salary and gave official charities help. his to President underpiled

DIAMOND

BOULDER Dam has been renamed Hoover Dam, which fact provided Puzzle Pete with a centre for his word diamond. The second word is a French coin, third "stupides"; fifth "not over" and sixth "an Indian weight." Complete the diamond from these clues:

B
O
U
L
D
E
R

(Solutions on Page 30)

Word Game

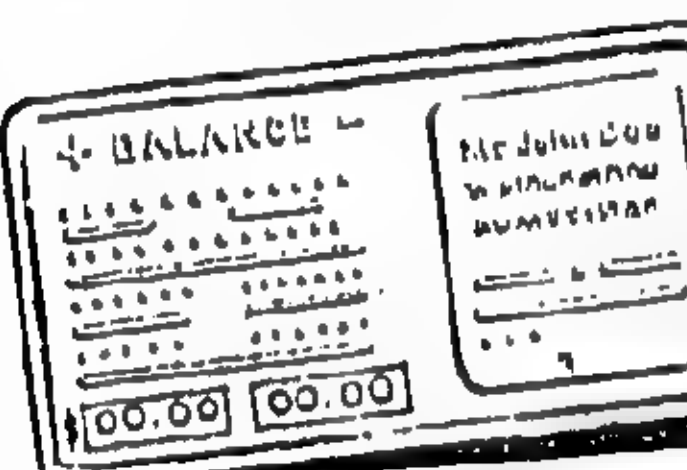
These ads may not get you a job but they will help you get a word that will fit the definition that is given.

- AD — to total as in Arithmetic
- AD — the first man
- AD — a proverb
- AD — a throw
- AD — a grown person
- AD — aloft without anchor
- AD — to give advice
- AD — delivery of a letter
- AD — bold and dangerous undertaking
- AD — a newspaper

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ABOUT MONEY OF THE FUTURE

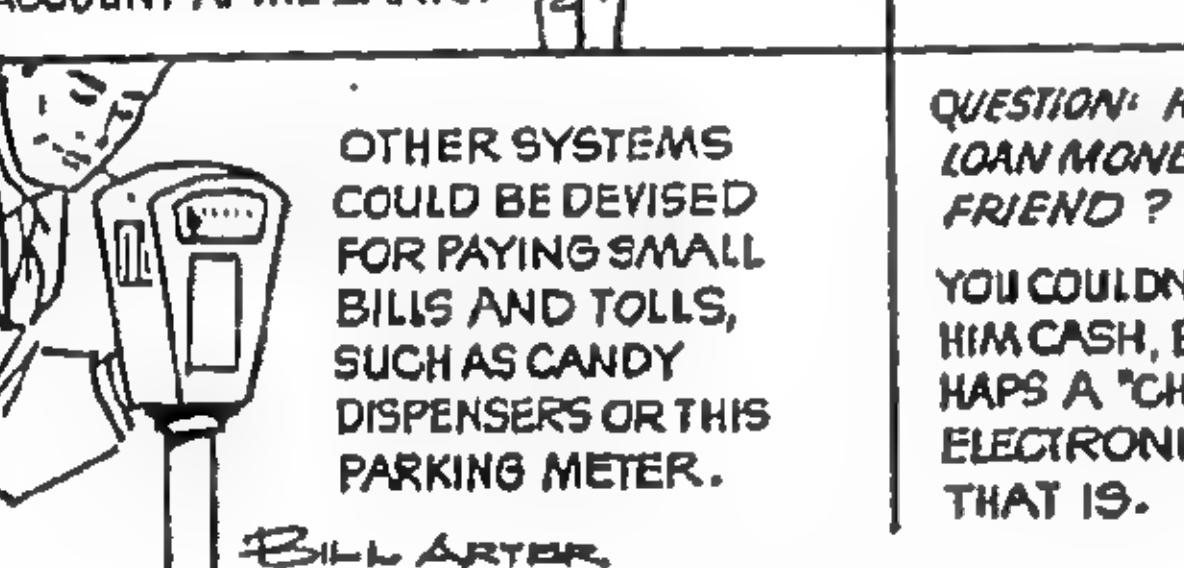
IS THIS THE MONEY OF THE FUTURE?



AN "ELECTRONIC POCKETBOOK" — A PLATE SIMILAR TO THE FAMILIAR CREDIT PLATE ISSUED BY DEPARTMENT STORES. THAT'S THE IDEA OF GILBERT M. HUNT, CLEVELAND, OHIO INDUSTRIAL DESIGNER.

HERE'S HOW IT MIGHT WORK:

INSTEAD OF BILLS AND COINS, YOU WOULD CARRY THE ELECTRONIC PLATE, GETTING IT "RECHARGED" FROM TIME TO TIME FROM YOUR ACCOUNT AT THE BANK.



STORES WOULD BE EQUIPPED WITH ELECTRONIC CASH REGISTERS WHICH WOULD DEDUCT THE AMOUNT OF YOUR BILL FROM THE CHARGE IN YOUR PLATE.

QUESTION: HOW TO LOAN MONEY TO A FRIEND? YOU COULDN'T GIVE HIM CASH, BUT PERHAPS A "CHARGE" — ELECTRONIC, THAT IS.

TRAINS BEFORE TRACKS

THERE were tracks before there were trains. The story began in England.

At first horses dragged heavy carts of coal from the English mines down to the seacoast. Wooden planks were laid so that the wagons would not sink and rut the road. But the plank tracks were quickly worn away by the heavy coal carts, and strips of iron were fastened to the planks to make the wood last longer.

A French army officer, Cugnot, in 1767 put a small engine,

run by steam, on a three-wheeled wagon.

He first built the steam wagon with the idea that it could pull heavy guns. It ran on roads but not on tracks. Its boiler was so small that it had to stop every quarter-hour to make more steam.

One day Cugnot's steam wagon upset in a Paris street, and this gave people the idea that steam wagons were too dangerous to use.

A short time after Cugnot's steam wagon upset in a Paris street, an English inventor built a steam engine called "Catch-My-Who-Can." He was trying to make an engine to take the

place of a horse pulling coal over tracks.

This first locomotive ran on rails. "Catch-My-Who-Can" was able to pull five wagons and coal after it.

In about 1829 a young Englishman, George Stephenson, became one of the first great locomotive builders. He knew about steam engines because when he was a boy he worked with his father on a steam pump to pull water out of a coal mine.

He built a locomotive which he called "Rocket." It had a long boiler and a tall chimney. It made steam faster than any locomotive before this time.

Stephenson was sent to school to learn watchmaking. But

young George liked steam engines better.

Stephenson was at the throttle when the first railroad opened in England. A railroad was built to carry not only coal, but people as well.

People were afraid of this iron horse on tracks. They thought the wheels might fly off. The farmers living near the railroad thought that the black smoke would kill their animals.

We cannot help but wonder, since this ride of 1825 was very slow in comparison to the speed we have today, what these early passengers would have thought if they had ridden on one of our modern, streamlined trains! —Evelyn Witter

The King Of Butterflies

—He Brought Sunshine To The Ants All Winter—

By MAX TRELL

OUTSIDE the rain was falling. It was a cold, dreary afternoon. But inside the house, and especially behind the bookshelves, there was laughter and cheerfulness.

Everyone was gathered around Mr. Punch, who was telling a story. There were Knarf and Hando, the Shadow Children with the Turned-About Names, and Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, and Hilda, the Small-Sized Wooden Indian. They sat at Mr. Punch's feet. Mary Jane, the Rag Doll, sat on Mr. Punch's lap. Mr. Canary sat on Mr. Punch's shoulder. And Christopher Crick sat on Mr. Punch's head.

On Guard Duty

General Tin, the Tin Soldier, stood at the edge of the bookshelves with his musket over his shoulder. He was on guard duty, but he listened to Mr. Punch just the same.

Mr. Punch was telling the story about The King of the Butterflies. "Now the King of the Butterflies," said Mr. Punch, "he began his story, 'was the most beautiful butterfly in the whole world. His wings were speckled with gold and silver and red and black, and folks used to say that he painted himself with sunbeams and the King of the Butterflies flitted from flower to flower sucking up honey. That was all the work he ever did. Well, living in the same field were a family of Ants. They

were ruled over by a Queen. And often the Queen of the Ants would look out of her window at the bottom of the dark and gloomy ant hill where she lived and see the beautiful King of the Butterflies go flitting by.

"He's a lazy good-for-nothing," she would tell all the other Ants in the ant hill. 'He does nothing all the summer long but flit from flower to flower, helping himself to honey. But just wait until the winter comes,' she said. 'He won't find it so easy to get honey then. So come, my dears, let's all get back to work!'

Looking For Food

"Then," said Mr. Punch, "all the Ants would go scurrying out of the ant hill to look for food to store up in the ant cellars. For they all wanted to be sure to have plenty of food when the cold winter came.

"And so, all through the remaining days of the summer and autumn, the busy Ants kept working from morning till night while the King of the Butterflies flitted from flower to flower, enjoying himself and sucking up all the honey he could find in the flowers that grow in the field.

"And then, finally," said Mr. Punch, "the winter came. The Queen of the Ants and all her Sister Ants crept into their snug ant hill and locked all the doors. The Queen of the Ants sat by her window and looked out at the gray, cold day. 'Now,' she said, 'let's see if that King of the Butterflies

can find any honey. We've got plenty to eat. But that lazy good-for-nothing has nothing. What a cold, nasty day it is. B-r-r-r... makes me shiver just to look outside!'

Crowded Around

"All the other Ants crowded around the window to look out, too.

"And suddenly," said Mr. Punch, "the Queen of the Ants and all the other Ants saw a wonderful sight. 'They saw a flash of sunbeams and moonbeams in front of the window. It was the King of the Butterflies. He was like the brightness of summer in the middle of winter.'

"And what else could they do but open the door and let him in? For even Ants, living at the bottom of a dark ant hill loved summer sunshine. And all winter long, the King of the Butterflies lived with the Queen of the Ants and

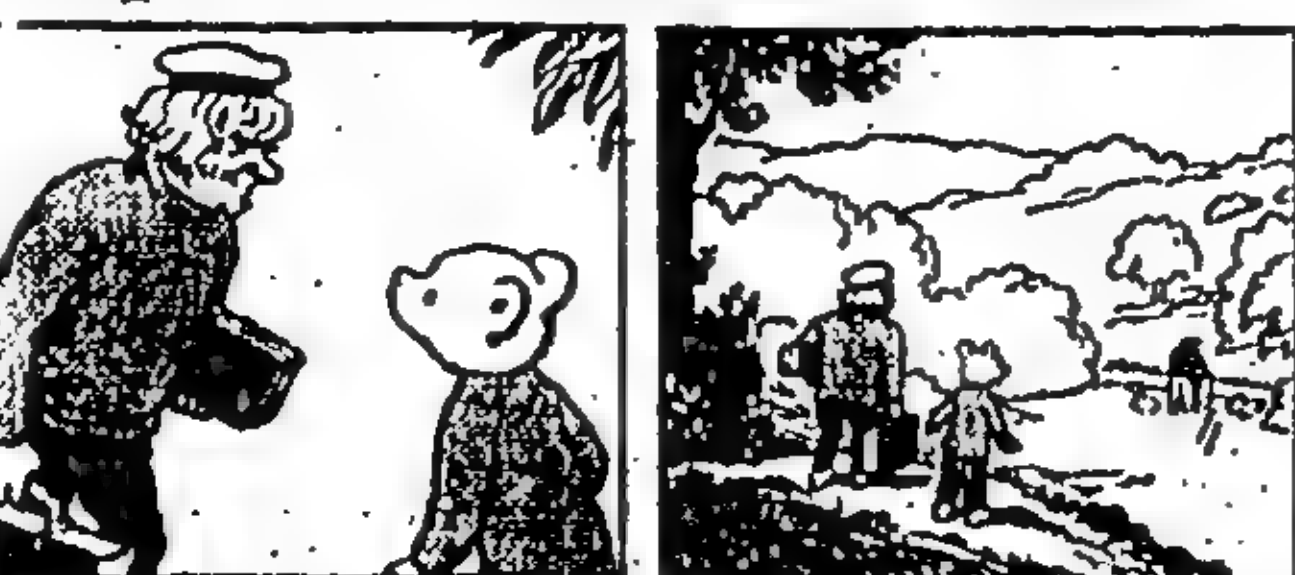


"It makes me shiver to look outside," said the Queen.

was well fed on honey, because nowhere else could they find in all the long winter such beautiful summer cheerfulness.

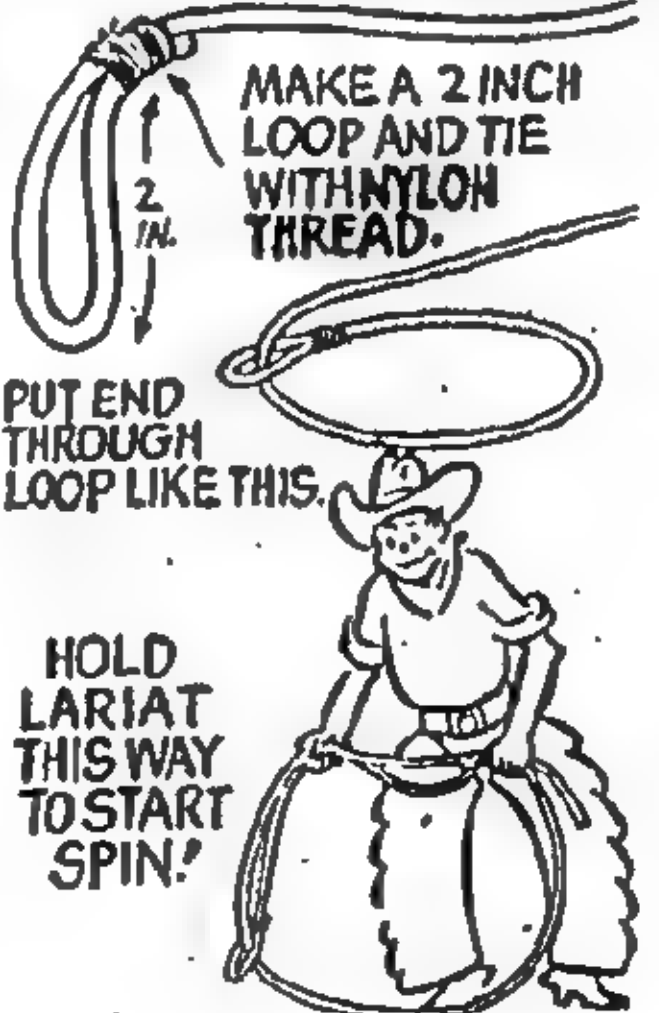
When the finished the story, everyone listening to Mr. Punch clapped their hands.

Rupert and the Secret Boat—2

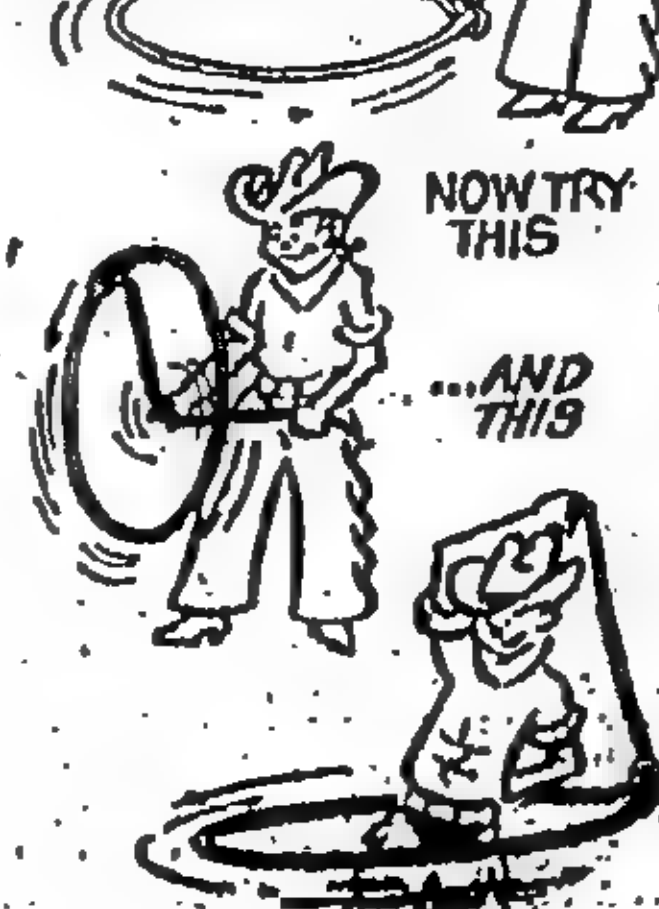


The strong, little man grins at Rupert's expression. "Please, why are you dressed like that?" asks Rupert. "Have you left the Professor? Are you going to be a sailor?" For a while the other does not answer. "You are inquisitive, aren't you?" he says. —All rights reserved

HOW TO SPIN A SECRET
I START WITH A BRAIDED COTTON SASH CORD 20 FEET LONG AND 3/8 OF AN INCH THICK.



MAKE A 2 INCH LOOP AND TIE WITH NYLON THREAD.
PUT END THROUGH LOOP LIKE THIS.
HOLD LARIAT THIS WAY TO START SPIN!



Trouble In Fur Coats

IN Idaho, where the wild-life population far exceeds the human population, no one is surprised when beasts hit the headlines.

Power failure is frequently due to "fur coats." A beaver, near Salmon, chewed down a tree. It fell across a power line and disrupted service for hours. A bobcat, near Kimberly, climbed a line pole to survey the world—and managed to electrocute himself—and disrupt service.

During a bad winter near Riggins, several beaver were befriended by a rancher who fed them apples. The beaver found the apple box, gnawed it apart, and ate all the apples.

Winter brought hordes of wildlife creatures into Idaho in southern Idaho a few winters ago. An elk wandered onto the roof of a house and broke it in. Jackrabbits pilaged garbage pails.

Bobcats and cougar followed the hundreds of deer into town and citizens killed or trapped several.

In north Idaho, a motorist saw a fawn running along the road. He stopped to investigate and the fawn bounded into the car, settling down in the back seat! It had severe scratches, apparently caused by a bobcat or cougar.

And near Salmon, a family of others attacked several boys when they entered a river cave. One boy was severely bitten.

—Forris Weddle



BLIZZARDS MAKE LIFE EASIER FOR THE PTARMIGAN OF THE FAR NORTH BY KEEPING THE FEEDING GROUNDS FREE FROM SNOW.

TUSKS OF THE AFRICAN ELEPHANT ARE LONGER AND HIS EARS ARE LARGER THAN THOSE OF THE ASIATIC SPECIES.

STOMACH OF A HIPPOPOTAMUS WILL HOLD FOUR TO FIVE BUSHELS OF FOOD.



1000-Year-Old Oven Found Crammed With Food!

BY
Maxwell Wickham

Wellington, New Zealand.
Four schoolboys foraging in a paddock at Redcliffs, about seven miles from Christchurch, uncovered an ancient oven crammed with food. Apparently, those who were cooking fled from some unknown horror without having time to eat.

Investigation suggests that the oven was used last about 900 A.D. (After Christ), or 300-400 years before the main body of the Maori people came to New Zealand.

Under the supervision of a veteran archaeologist, Mr. Selwyn Hovell, the boys have carefully uncovered a cross section of the oven for archaeological examination, revealing the bones of a hump-backed whale, of moas (giant extinct birds peculiar to New Zealand), of dogs, and the remains of countless shellfish.

About 9 feet square, the oven is not of the usual Polynesian design. Instead of the flat bottom normal to these, the Redcliffs oven has a rounded bottom.

Mr. Hovell believes that the oven was specially built to cook the whale—an unusual food for Maori hunters, as the pre-Maori settlers of New Zealand are known.

He thinks that the food was being cooked when some sudden disaster overtook the neighbourhood, causing the Maori hunters to flee.

This is the first time that whale has been found in a Maori hunters' oven.

The boys, Barry Barnes, Paul Solitt, Denis Williams and John Richardson, all members of the Redcliffs Junior Archaeological Society, were making routine probes on a 40-acre property when they discovered the oven. They had been looking for traces of ash in the sand and were not expecting to make a find of this kind.

The oven is not, however, the first find on the property. Less than 20 feet from the oven site, traces of a greenstone workshop were found in a fowlhouse. Chips of greenstone showed where the early peoples had made their weapons and tools.

Cooking in the stone-age ovens was simple, and the fore-runner of modern pressure cooking. Earth was scooped out on the oven site, a stake driven into the centre and kindling and heavier wood stacked round it.

The stake was then removed and a flame dropped in to set the kindling wood alight. When the blaze got under way, and smoking wood likely to taint the food was removed, and stones were piled on top.

The stones were left to heat, then water would be thrown on, sending up clouds of steam. Food was then placed on the stones, more water thrown on, and the whole oven was covered with flux mats. After which the food was left for several hours before being uncovered and eaten.

Archaeologists are also turning their attention at present to another part of the South Island, the Waitaki Gorge. Here many clues to New Zealand's early history will disappear in a few years' time when the huge man-made lake of the big Benmore hydro-electricity scheme comes into being. It will be formed by flooding most of a gorge which is rich in sites sheltering strange rock drawings dating back to the time of the Moa Hunters.

Warmed well in advance that the flooding will take place, the National Historic Places Trust is working on recording the rock drawings, excavating and exploring further sites for more traces of these early inhabitants. Dr. Roger Duff, an archaeologist, and Mr. W. Ambrose and Mr. F. Davis, have been working in the gorge for some months now for the Trust.

A report of their progress, recently tabled in Parliament, states that most of the area should have been systematically investigated in the six years before the hydro-scheme is scheduled for completion.

Some of the rock drawings have already been recorded by photographing with infra-red light and tracing on to cellophane paper. The infra-red photography highlights the shades in the drawings, many of which are faint and difficult to follow.

A number of the known sites have been recorded, and several additional sites have been discovered.

The drawings are abstract, decorative or highly stylized, and difficult to interpret when faint. They are usually in red or black colouring and some are scratched on to the rock surface. Their subjects include human forms, tattoo motifs, rats, fish and birds.

By careful excavation and recording, it is hoped to date the drawings, discover their purpose and significance, associate them with a particular culture and discover the nature of each shelter and how much it was used.

Who Will Wield The Major Power?

THE first thing to get straight about Britain and the Commonwealth in 1999 is that Britain will not be the most important white member of it, either in population or industrial power.

Our population is set to stay at around the 50,000,000 mark. It may even decline. Consider what will have happened in Canada. As Mr. George Drew, High Commissioner in England for Canada, put it to me: "Canada will probably be the most powerful country in the Commonwealth by 1999."

There is a population there of just over 17,000,000 now. It has gone up by more than 5,000,000 since the war. The rate of increase in human beings in Canada is the world's highest.

In 40 years' time, the population of Canada will be 70,000,000—nearly 50 per cent larger than ours. Economically, Canada's progress will have kept pace with her population. Her oil wells, her aluminium production, her minerals will have been developed as the basis of a huge industrial output.

She will have plenty of money to spend and we shall be supplying many of her imports. Today, one of transport across the United States frontier directs Canadian buying towards the U.S.A. By 1999 vast cargo ships, skimming the surface of the sea at 200 miles an hour, will make the delivery of goods across the Atlantic as quick as road transport from Detroit to Quebec—and cheaper.

Barren soil comes alive

Britain will share in Canadian prosperity, even though she is outstripped by Canada. We shall retain second place among the white members of the Commonwealth.

• BY THE WAY •
by Beachcomber

THE Ministry of Labour's experts have discovered that the reason for the continuing rise in the cost of living is that too little money is chasing too much coal.

Charlie Suet said yesterday at Blimpford, "If other commodities continue to rise in price, in order to keep pace with coal and cheese and butter, vast stockpiles of fuel and food will be accumulated against a possible shortage. The fewer people able to afford to buy things, the more money will be saved, and finally, when nobody can afford to buy anything, the cost of living will at last go down." Orthodox economists are considering this novel idea.

Pay no attention to this! The keeper at a zoo who claims that he understands elephants, and that they understand him, is said to be the able to control them, like an expert ringmaster, at a circus. Who could resist saying that he was born with a silver elephant in his mouth? Not I, for one, even though it gives me a ludicrous picture of a puzzled midwife. Far from it. THE scheme for making a counterfeit counterfeit money, in order to trap counterfeiters, was abandoned yesterday. Sir Charles Hackett, chair-

man of the committee which has been considering this trick, said to Mrs. Watt (of Stoke, Watt, Watt, Stoke, Watt, Stoke and Watt, Solicitors): "The counterfeiters would only retaliate" (he always inserts a "v" before an "a," an old airport joke)—"by making counterfeit counterfeit counterfeit money, be that as it may."

What! No bats' ears in brine? A POLITICIAN'S reminder that a great deal of food comes at the very moment when a big shop has admitted a shortage of such necessities as ants smeared with chocolate. Many smart hostesses are substituting at cocktail parties, English ants for the Japanese variety. One remarkable beldam has Indonesian beetles flown in for her parties. They are boiled in guinea-pigeon and served on tiny squares of biscuit.

I only want to help. I'll tea and buns. A co-ed's talk to fill the theatres at matinee. I have a splendid idea. Place a large television screen in the auditorium, so that the audience can watch television instead of bolting about what goes on on the stage.

There will also be dramatic changes in India. The population is still going up and has now touched 375 million. By 1999, the increase will have been halved—at perhaps, around 430 million. Indians, though not powerful industrially, will be

enjoying roughly the same standards in food as we have today. Dr. Hughes, Reader in Bacteriology at the Wright-Fleming Institute, forecast to me that in 40 years' time countless billions of bacteria and fungi will have been put to work turning waste materials into the basis for foodstuffs which can be used both for human beings and animals.

The food problem for India will have been mastered, he thinks, if the increase in population can be held.

A bond with no weaklings In 1999 there will be no weaklings in the Commonwealth. The rise in riches and power, represented by the tremendous expansion in Canada and Australia, will be immeasurably greater than, say, anything that can be produced by the exertions of myriads of backward Chinese.

The Commonwealth, as a force, will be stronger than either the United States or Russia. The populations of America and Russia will not increase at anything like the rate of Canada and Australia—the two countries where the greatest potential for the technological revolution exists.

On the contrary, Russia and the United States are likely to stabilise at a level not much higher than will be the combined populations of Britain, Canada and Australia by 1999.

Next Week: Where will the Monarchy be?

If YOU are under 40 this could be your life—it is the story of the end of the century, of 1999, as seen not by dreamers but by men in a position to weigh the facts and make a responsible forecast. Here, presented by Woodrow Wyatt, is Part Three of a look into tomorrow... a picture with all the fascination of the crystal ball plus the authority of expert knowledge.

By WOODROW WYATT

to say nothing of the other Commonwealth countries. In recent years any tendency towards disintegration in the Commonwealth has been caused by the feeling that it could not match the giants of the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R.

A bond with no weaklings

No. As Sir Eric Harrison, High Commissioner in England for Australia, says: "The attitude towards Britain will never change. There is 84 per cent of the population originating from Britain and they are still as strongly pro-British as ever."

In 1999 it will take less than an hour to get to Australia. When you can hop as quickly as that from one Commonwealth country to another the inter-change of ideas and commerce will be as influential and effective as that between London and Birmingham today.

In 40 years' time the power of British traditional political institutions and wisdom, of British culture, of all the hundreds of years that have gone to build up our complex democratic society, will still have enough pull to make the members of the Commonwealth look towards Britain for guidance and leadership.

Next Week: Where will the Monarchy be?

ROUND-UP

LIVE IN A CASTLE

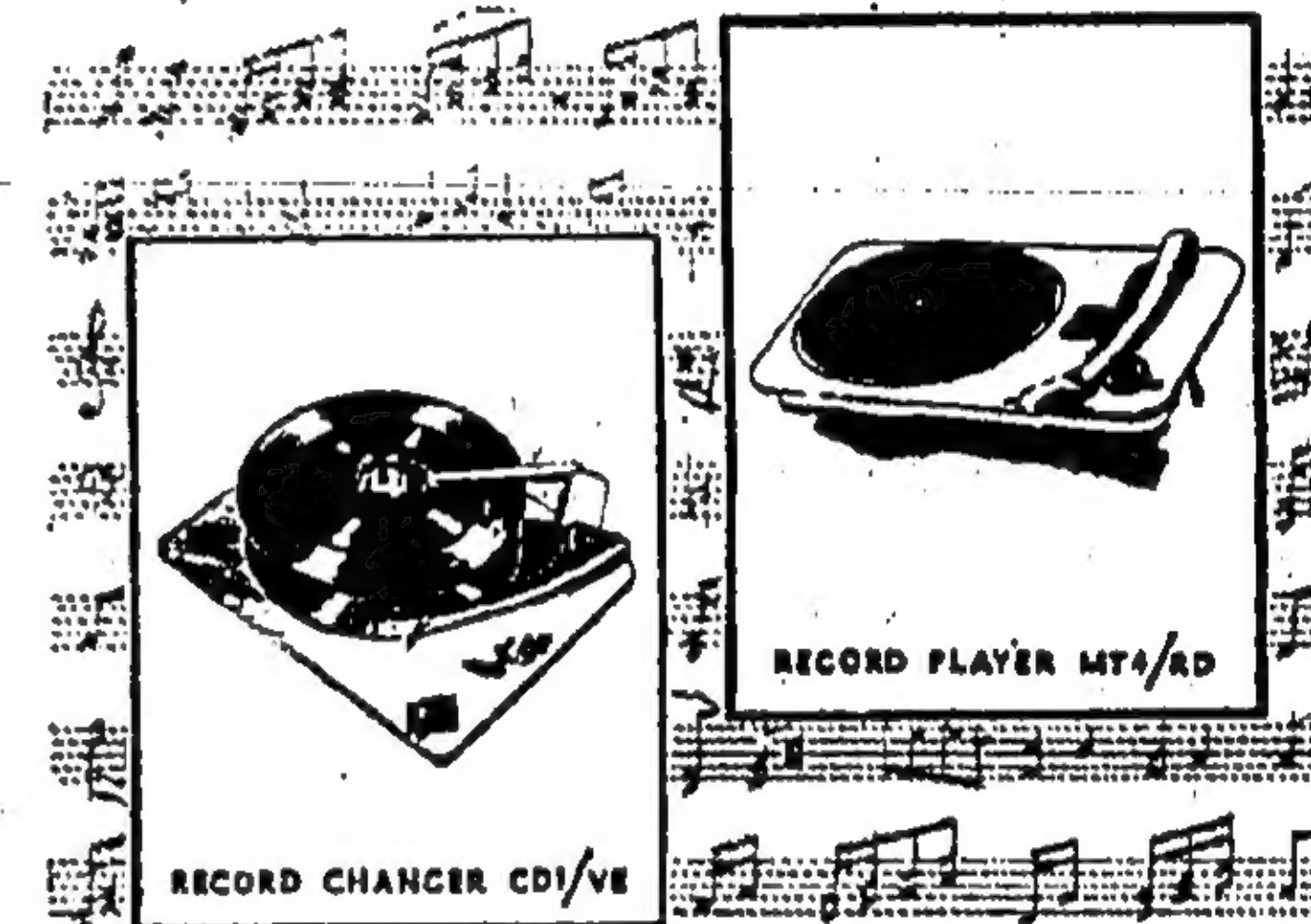
A GROUP of former castle dwellers are to form an Old Boys' Association. They are ex-members of Vanbrugh Castle School at Greenwich. Built by Sir John Vanbrugh at Maze Hill, Greenwich, while serving with the Royal Air Force. For the past 25 years it has been run by the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. Fifty boys, whose ages range from seven to 17, live there. They are taught at the castle until they are 11; then they go to local grammar or secondary schools during the day and return to the castle in the evening. The future reunions of old pupils should be musical occasions, because Vanbrugh Castle now provides the choir for the R.A.F. church—the rebuilt St Clement's in the Strand, London.

A gracious welcome to your guests



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THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

7TH RACE MEETING

Saturday 17th and Saturday 31st January, 1959

To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club
THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 10 RACES
The First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. each day.
The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. each day.

MEMBER'S ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.
All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable prior to the Meeting from the Club's Cash Sweep Offices, at Queen's Building, Chater Road, D'Almeida Street and Nathan Road, Kowloon, only on the written introduction of a Member, and on production of his Guest Record Card. Members are limited to 6 guests each Race Day, and will be responsible for all guests introduced by them.

GUEST BADGES WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE AT THE RACE COURSE ON RACE DAYS.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72311).
The 6th Floor is restricted to Members, and Ladies wearing Lady's Brooches.

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.
MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$10.00 each per day and \$32.00 each for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 5, D'Almeida Street during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 16th January, 1959, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from Subscription Lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets at \$2.00 each for the Special Cash Sweep on the Pearce Memorial Cup scheduled to be run on 14th February, 1959 may be obtained from the Club Sweep Offices at:—

Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Almeida Street, Hong Kong on:—

Mondays to Fridays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Saturday 10th and Saturday 24th

January, 1959 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.

Saturday 17th and Saturday 31st

January, 1959 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

King's Road, North Point, Hong Kong and 382 Nathan Road, Kowloon on:—

Mondays to Fridays 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Saturday 10th and Saturday 24th

January, 1959 9 a.m. to 11.45 a.m.

Saturday 17th and Saturday 31st

January, 1959 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN. PAYMENT WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tip men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

Hong Kong, 10th January, 1959.

"TAIPAN'S" RUGBY ANNUAL TODAY

Col. Dowbiggin's XV To Play CBF's Team At Club Ground

By PAK LO

This afternoon on the Club ground the main event of the day will be the "Taipan's" game. This annual event was originally proposed by Vernon Roberts, whose hope, apparently successful was that it would interest our local "Taipans" and give them closer ties with rugby in the Colony.

Each year a "Taipan", who is also a keen sportsman, is asked to sponsor this game, and this year it is the turn of that well known figure, Col. H. B. L. Dowbiggin, O.B.E., E.D., who, as a Past President of the Hongkong Football Club, and a present Vice-President is noted among rugby players and spectators for his keen interest and pertinent though sometimes acid comments on the features of the local game.

Col. Dowbiggin is one of the HKFC Rugby section's keenest supporters, and seldom does a game pass without his figure being seen on the touchlines vocally assisting the Club players to victory.

As usual, against Col. Dowbiggin's XV is a XV representing the Commander of the British Forces, and the two XV's who will be on view this afternoon represent, allowing for those missing from injuries, the cream of rugby players in the Colony.

This game starts at 4.15 p.m., and as is customary on these occasions it will be preceded by a match between the Commissioner of Police's XV and the Commodore-in-Charge's XV, the kick-off for this other game being scheduled at 3.00 p.m.

Evenly Balanced

As there are no regulations as to who has to play for whom, the Selectors are thus able to turn out four XV's that are very evenly balanced in all respects.

In the major game, for instance, the two recognised Colony lineouts forwards, Wynn and Muntz, are opposed by Mander of Army South, and Miller of the Club, the latter having returned to rugby in the recent past. These latter two should be able to hold their own to a large extent, though not having played together, cannot be expected to be the equal of Wynn and Muntz. However Col. Dowbiggin's XV has Isaac as hooker, and he has proved capable before today of beating Cunningham to the strike, provided he has weight behind him.

If anything Col. Dowbiggin's XV should see a little more of the ball than the CBF's XV, and they have as halves Haenga and Valentine, while the CBF's XV has Phillips at scrum-half and Sanderson behind him. Of the two pairs Col. Dowbiggin's are superior in the open type of rugby that is expected today, and Col. Dowbiggin's three are perfect for this type of game with Watson and Morey of the Navy in the centre.

Greatest Strength

The CBF's three are not to be sneezed at, but each and everyone of them has been playing a tight game with their respective forwards, and have developed a bout of non-passing that could be very dangerous for themselves against the strong back row of Dowbiggin's XV.

In the CBF's XV the greatest strength lies on the two wings where Bede-Cox and Sharp are positioned, but their penetrating abilities depend on the centres, and while Martin of the RAF has a fantastic speed in attack which will be a great asset, it is unlikely that the ball will travel to the wings with any regularity.

The two full backs are equal defensively, but McTavish has that little extra when it comes to attacking, and Col. Dowbiggin's XV should leave the field the victors.

As this game has no effect on the Hexagonal or the "21" trophy, both teams are almost certain to play an open game that will provide an enjoyable afternoon's entertainment for the large crowd that is expected.

After the game, as usual, Col. Dowbiggin will entertain the teams and various officials and past "Taipans" to dinner in the Club House and this is held by many players to be the best part of the day.

In the other match, there are again two well balanced XV's, with the Commodore-in-Charge's XV having the better hooker in Lowe of the Army, but this is balanced by the Commissioner of Police's XV having Newbigging and Ross as the lineout forwards, so that once again the ball should be fairly evenly shared by the two XV's.

Decided Advantage

In Steward and Lucas the Commodore's team has a decided advantage, for they are faster and more dangerous than their opposite numbers, and they can do a great deal of damage to the Commissioner's XV's defence, provided they pass the ball around amongst themselves. The strongest point in the Commissioner's three is the combination of Phillips and Coombes, the latter just managing to get fit in time for this game, and these two could form the spearhead of a very hard to stop attack.

In the loose, with Toriano, Carney and Brackenbury forming the back row the Commodore's XV should control the game, and this combined with their three should give them a narrow victory.

Referees

Commissioner of Police's XV v. Commodore-in-Charge's XV. —Richardson. Touch-judges: Wilson, Harley.

CBF's XV v. Col. Dowbiggin's XV. —Qualtrough, Touch-judges: Dow, Davies.

The Teams

CBF's XV: Leppard, Bede-Cox, Martin, Scott, Sharp, Sanderson, Phillips, Howe, Cunningham, Whiteley, Wynn, Muntz, Penman, Clarke, Campbell.

Col. Dowbiggin's XV: McTavish, Bowen, Watson, Brown, Valentine, Morey, Williams, Isaac, Shelley, Miller, Mander, Roberts, Steven, Halgh.

Commissioner of Police's XV: Johnston, Bellingham, Wiggett, Phillips, Coombes, Locke, Tancock, McIntosh, Hill, Turnbull, Newbigging, Ross, Lees, Bryan, D'Eath.

Commodore-in-Charge's XV: Win, Inglis, Embley, Rindcliffe, Brown, Lucas, Steward, Lemage, Lowe, Morrison, Stear, Gibby, Toriano, Carney, Brackenbury.

Whitfield Wanderers Win Again

On Wednesday afternoon, that unbeaten XV, the Whitfield Wanderers did it again and topped their total of victories this season to eleven out of eleven games, when they beat the Police by 11 points (one goal, one try, one penalty goal) to three (one penalty goal).

For most of the game the forwards were in control and the ball was kept tight. The Wanderers three looked rather lost at this stage of the game and only Elliott, their new scrum-half, who played wonderfully throughout looked at all dangerous.

Well led by Cleary, the Wanderers pecked more than held their own against the heavier Police pack, but the first score went to the Police when they converted a penalty 15 minutes from the end of the second half.

Came To Life

That was all the Wanderers needed, and their three came to life with a burst, and inter-passing beautifully amongst themselves scored two tries in quick succession one of which was converted, and then capped it all by converting a penalty to give them a clearcut win.

Next Wednesday on the Police ground in Boundary Street at 3.00 p.m. the Wanderers are taking on stronger opposition in Army South, and can now be considered as having moved into the senior league.

If they win, as they hope and expect to do, they plan to work their way through the other Hexagonal contenders. This column wishes them luck, and promises them banner headlines if they gain their goal and beat all the Hexagonal XV's.

Tradition - Smashing Honour To Billy Wright By English FA?

By ROY PESKETT

WILLIAM AMBROSE WRIGHT, Councillor of the Football Association—that is the tradition-smashing honour which the FA are thinking of conferring on Billy Wright, captain of Wolves and England.

Billy has played 99 times for his country—a record—and should make it a century with next April's match against Scotland. Since the proposal to honour Wright was raised at the last Council meeting several prominent members of the 85-strong body (all are amateurs) have discussed privately the possibility of his appointment to their number.

The Best Opportunity

Now the proposal is likely to be on the agenda of the next Council meeting in London on January 10. This is the best opportunity members will have of honouring a great sportsman. At the moment F.A. rules bar all professional and ex-professional footballers from the Council. A change could only be made at the annual general meeting of the F.A. next June.

Article 13 (h) says: "No professional footballer, except by consent of the Council, shall be qualified to be or to continue to be such representative as aforesaid." The present 85 members are the Honorary Vice-Presidents, officers, areas or divisional representatives, or members of the League Management Committee.

No other decision has yet been taken as to what form the Wright award will take.

It is possible that other honorary councillors may be admitted: men like Stanley Matthews, who have served Soccer and the F.A. with their genius in the field.

Players As Selectors

Others, too, who deserve but are disqualified, are F.A. secretary Sir Stanley Rous and chief F.A. coach and England team manager Walter Winterbottom.

Their onerous position certainly entitles them to seats on Soccer's highest authority. Even the tradition-loving M.C.C. has admitted a number of professional cricketers to honorary membership for past services. Surely the F.A. can go one better, and use the men who play the game on the selection committees which name the England teams?



BILLY WRIGHT

...worthy of unique honour

BRIAN LONDON CAN BEAT HENRY COOPER IN MONDAY'S FIGHT

Brian Harper comes to London on Monday to defend his British heavyweight title and his family honour, revenge a past defeat and, incidentally, put himself in line for a £30,000 prize.

By DENNIS HART

Under his professional name of Brian London, he will climb into the ring at the Earls Court Arena determined to bluff, bash, bludgeon, and generally inflict damage on the finely chiselled features of Henry Cooper.

As Mr Cooper aims to rob London of his title, defend his own family honour, and stake his claim to the £30,000 prize by the same belligerent methods, a thumping good time should be had by all.

Family Feud

Bellythrob, of course, is almost as old as boxing itself. Fighters, we are assured, have all manner of reasons for wanted to knock the stuffing out of their opponents. They have a grudge to settle, a score to level, or must prove something or other to someone or other.

The London-Cooper fight is the genuine article.

It is more of a family feud than a fight. On the one hand, the fighting Harpers, better known as the Londons; on the other, the battling Coopers.

Brian London holds the British and Empire titles that father Jack held 14 years ago. But he is determined that they shall bring in far more tangible rewards than they did for his fighting pa. London Senior got little more than slaps on the back for his pains. And he got those only as long as he was champion.

So 24-year-old Brian takes the strictly commercial view that he is in boxing for what he can get out of it. With his father's experience behind him, he strikes a

hard bargain when his services are being sought.

Two of the obstacles that London has met on his road to cash and championship have been the battling Coopers—twins George and Henry.

Knocked Out

George was removed from the path in January 1956. In May of the same year, London came up against Henry, got in one punch and was then knocked out in the first round.

Henry Cooper went straight for the top, aimed for three titles in seven months and flopped. Joe Bygraves stopped him in the ninth round of their Empire title bout, Sweden's Ingemar Johansson ended his European hopes with a fifth round "knock-out", and Joe Erskine collected a points win in their British title clash.

The beaten London took a more roundabout route and finished up as British and Empire champion.

But to justify his position and quality for either a world title eliminator with Johansson or an immediate title fight with Floyd Patterson, London must remove Henry Cooper once and for all.

Will Do It

I think he will do it on January 12.

I am fully mindful of the fact that in November Cooper beat Zora Folley, then leading challenger for Patterson's title, that he has knocked out London in one round, and that he has dynamite in his right fist.

London is also mindful of these facts, and I cannot see him caught unaware a second time.

When he last met Cooper, London was trying to turn himself from a fighter into a boxer. Now he gets the best out of himself by doing a bit of both. He is fairly skilful at keeping out of trouble. But attack is his best defence, and his fighting instinct allows him to let up.

Lot Of Damage

This will be a fight from the word "go". And I do not think it will go far. But, if it does, an awful lot of damage will be done.

In my book, London seems better able to take and hand out punishment. Despite recent bone operations, I fear that Cooper's eyes may not last the distance.

If so, then London will unleash the kind of attack that reduced the face of Joe Erskine to an ugly red mess and had the former champion groping blindly on the floor of the White City stadium. Well, it's one way to start the New Year.

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POP



Pain in the neck



SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

A "Lyttle" Effort Makes All The Difference

'HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY' ... went a popular song of a few years ago and I'm sure the writer will pardon my corruption of it which reads "How black was our (Happy) Valley?"

The answer, of course, is simple. Our valley has never been blacker. The sombre depression stretches from the HKFC Stadium—which incidentally includes the official Headquarters of the Football Association—to the furthest confines of the playing pitches within the perimeter of the Racecourse. By the end of last week-end the area had seen one of the blackest pages in our soccer history being written.

If the Colony's footballers had mutually decided to prove once and for all the accuracy of my recent statements on the curse of the dirty brutal tactics which have blighted our soccer in the weeks gone by, they could not have done it more thoroughly than they did.

Just have a glance at the inglorious record which faced the HKFA at the beginning of the week. It makes fantastic reading. In the Reserve Division match between Army and Caroline Hill last Sunday things really got warmed up. Five Caroline Hill players had their names taken, one received his marching orders and four penalty kicks were awarded against the team. On the other side three injured Army players were carried off and one had his name noted in the referee's wee black book. In addition some strange things happened after the final whistle.

More Spectacular

Out in the middle of the Racecourse a day earlier things were even more spectacular. The referee abandoned the Cable & Wireless-Rediffusion game when the latter's players refused to carry on in protest against one of the whistler's decision. All that was after a player from each side had been given his marching orders. ... but, as though to add variety to

our affairs we were treated on the adjacent pitch to the sight of two players on the same side having a private battle of fistuffs.

Talk about fun and games ... we are having a real bonanza this season and I hope that elsewhere in this paper you can read of heavy punishments being dished out to offenders by the Emergency Committee of the HKFA when it met last night. The strong arm of authority and the rod of discipline have become vital necessities.

Now's The Time

Unless this current trend is stopped with a bang right now it will get out of hand and once things get to that stage it will take a minor revolution to bring them back under control. The time is got tough with the toughs has really arrived.

This article is being written before the HKFA Emergency Committee meets to hear the evidence against last week-end's culprits and I can say again that I hope they dish out the kind of punishments that will act as a real deterrent to others who might be tempted to overstep the bounds of soccer decency.

For the offenders I have no brief but impartiality may help to put their misdemeanours in a more accurate perspective.

I talked at length with a senior official who watched the game between C & W and Re-

By

I. M. MACTAVISH

diffusion and he told me the standard of control by the young referee who had charge of the match was just about the worst he had ever seen. He also commented that at times the man in control showed a strange lack of knowledge of the rules as well as only the vaguest idea of how to handle a match.

When I made my enquiries regarding the Army-Caroline Hill Reserve League match, I was told variously by reliable persons who were not connected with either side that the refereeing was "shocking", "deplorable" and "the utter end".

Dangerous Link

Join the two sets of circumstances together and once again you have the dangerous link between sub-standard refereeing and "untenable" brought to light in all its grim and stark significance. The two circumstances go hand in hand ... or would it be better to say while and beat. The one will not be cured without similar remedial action being taken to relieve the other.

While I have little time for those who misbehave on the field I have nothing but the highest

admiration for the Tung Wah but if there is even a vestige of truth in the story then it shows the referee's judgment—and sense of fairplay—in a poor light. Surely the only worthwhile "advantage" rule for a player in Ho Ying-fun's predicament—he finished with an opponent straddling his legs—is to award a penalty kick. If the referee had done so ... and he will never convince anyone that there could possibly have been any alternative ... the League championship would be in a very different position at this moment, particularly as KMB dropped a vital point against Sing Tao on the same day. From South China's point of view it was football philanthropy—nothing less.

Brighter Side

That is one side of the story. Fortunately there is another and brighter side and it gives me the greatest possible pleasure to put it on the other side. Twice within a few days I heard the most unstinted praise being accorded to one of our referees for his outstanding work in two different games.

The whistler in question was Mr Lyttle; the games were the Army-Caroline Hill and Police-Kwong Wah First Division encounters; the praise came from team officials, players, and unbiased spectators alike. All of them were as glad of the chance to report, as I am to record, their appreciation of one man who is doing an excellent job.

Refereeing is a thankless task, or so we are often told, but this latest incident shows that there is still a place for appreciation ... and that appreciation will still be willingly expressed if it is worthily earned.

General Gossip
It is now general gossip in the soccer byways that the referee concerned has said that he knew it was a penalty kick when Ho Ying-fun was fouled but that he had given him the benefit of the advantage rule as he thought he was still going to score!

I don't know how accurate or true that report is and I have deliberately avoided rubbing salt in the wound by asking the referee directly ...

Outstanding
Mr Lyttle has emerged as our outstanding official and one can only hope that the Hongkong Football Association will accord him due recognition when important representative or show games come along.

Examine the two sides of the whole story which I have just told you. In each case where there was poor refereeing there was also trouble or bitter controversy ... but where the match control was firm and efficient the players got on with playing football as it was intended to be played.

The implication is too obvious to need further explanation. The example has been set ... the "Lyttle" extra makes all the difference. We need the difference badly ... and quickly.

Two big pieces of non-soccer news made excellent reading during the week. The first concerned the forthcoming visit to the Colony of Stirling Moss the man who is probably the greatest motor racing driver in the world today ... and that is an opinion widely expressed even though Moss failed by a single point to beat countryman Mike Hawthorn to the World Title last year.

Moss has certainly done more than any other individual to place his country in the forefront of the great international sport of motor racing. He is a dynamic, forthright, colourful personality who is eagerly sought after by every race promoting organisation and it stands additionally to his credit that he has always revealed a

willingness to travel far and wide in the pursuit of laurels in his chosen activity.

Suitable Reward

He has willingly tackled the toughest opposition in the world's fastest and most powerful cars and, while we shall not have the pleasure of seeing him in action in the Colony, his presence will be a suitable reward for the excellent work which the Motor Sports Club of Hongkong has done to popularise the sport here in the post war years. We shall look forward with pleasure to meeting this redoubtable sportsman and his wife who has—in her way—shared his risks, his disappointments and of course his countless triumphs.

The second piece of top line news was surely the announcement of the great new golf tournament sponsored by the South China Morning Post and carrying a £1,000 prize list.

A New Pattern

This is a wonderful innovation in Colony sport and may well set a new pattern in progressive thinking as far as big money tournaments and competitions are concerned.

Here in Hongkong we have a most advantageous geographical position and our community could, with attractive rewards, be developed into the great professional sports centre of the entire Far East. The new S.C.M.P. venture points the way. Similar enterprise in other sports and by other sponsoring bodies would make an excellent sequel.

Best Match

However, this will probably be the best match of the afternoon, with RAF's strong bowling opposed against Craighower's still reputed bowling. Once again RAF's chances for a win will depend on their batting which failed them in the first match against the same team and which has failed them in many other matches.

On paper, Indian Recreation Club, who scored an overwhelming 135-run win over Army "North" after skittling the soldiers out for 48 runs in their first meeting, should again walk away with this afternoon's game. But on form, it looks as if they will be in for an extremely hard fight.

The Northerners claimed a

THIS AFTERNOON'S CRICKET

Optimists, RAF And IRC Must Win To Remain In Senior Championship Race

By ROBERT TAY

With league-leading Army South enjoying a bye this afternoon's first division cricket league games will be featured by the fight to remain in the Championship race by the Optimists, Royal Air Force and Indian Recreation Club. The soldiers now hold a commanding seven points lead over the Optimists and RAF who jointly occupy the second place with 24 points. The Indians are just one point behind these two teams.

With only eight matches to go, none of these three teams can afford to falter from now on and in this afternoon's games, they cannot even afford a draw.

On the results of their first-round game, the airman seem to have the toughest opposition when they entertain Craighower Cricket Club at Kai Tak. In their earlier encounter, the Valley Club won an exciting match by six runs, but playing at home this time, the airman should hold the advantage as the Valley Club have not been too impressive in their recent matches.

Other Games

In the other first division matches, fifth-placed "Scorpions" should remain in the Championship race, though with rather a remote chance, by taking full points from Navy and Dockyard, and Kowloon Cricket Club are not likely to be victims of another upset this week when they travel to Pelican Club at Happy Valley.

In the second division games, league leaders RAF are expected to maintain their top position with a comfortable win over Diocesan Boys' School.

Brilliant four-wicket win over Kowloon Cricket Club last week and have developed in the last few weeks into quite a well-balanced team. Should Kingsford, Cooper and Watts again come off with the bat, an upset victory for them is not unlikely. The Optimists are in a slightly happier position than IRC in their away match against Re-arclo as the Portuguese opposition varies very little from their usual average form. The only surprise that the Optimists may have to face is in Rearco's batting as a few of them do hit the ball really hard and a couple of successful knocks by them may well upset their appreciably. On average form they should take full points from this game, despite their string of unsuccessful ventures during the last few weeks.

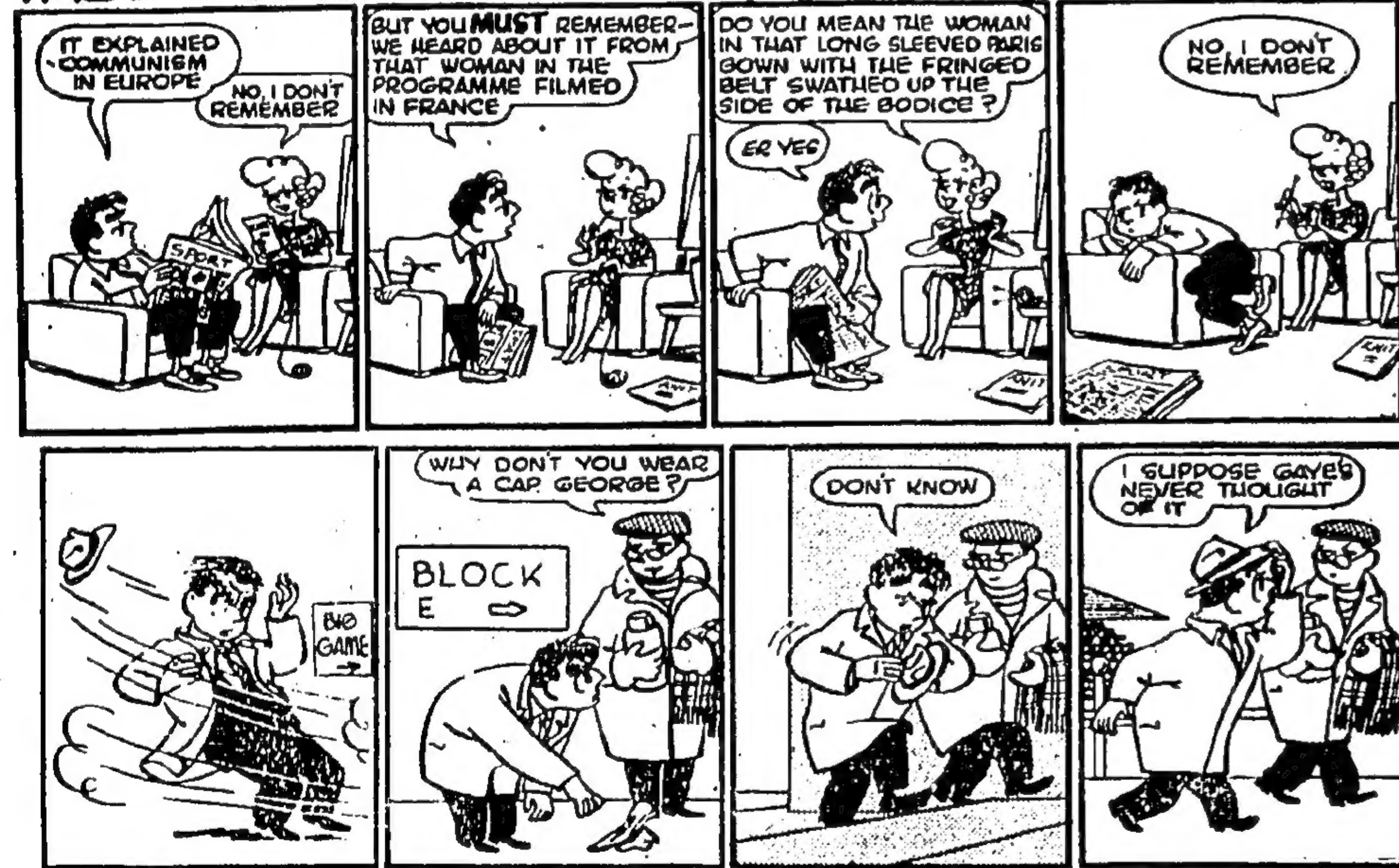
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The Northerners claimed a

THE GAMBOLS ... by Barry Appleby



HARRY ODELL

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Any Dolbo
Helene Longuet
Bislan Wenta
Nicolas Petrov
Wladislaw Wroblewski
Conrad Derewsky
Drago Paltan



**TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY,
JANUARY 13, 14, 15, AT 9.30 P.M.**

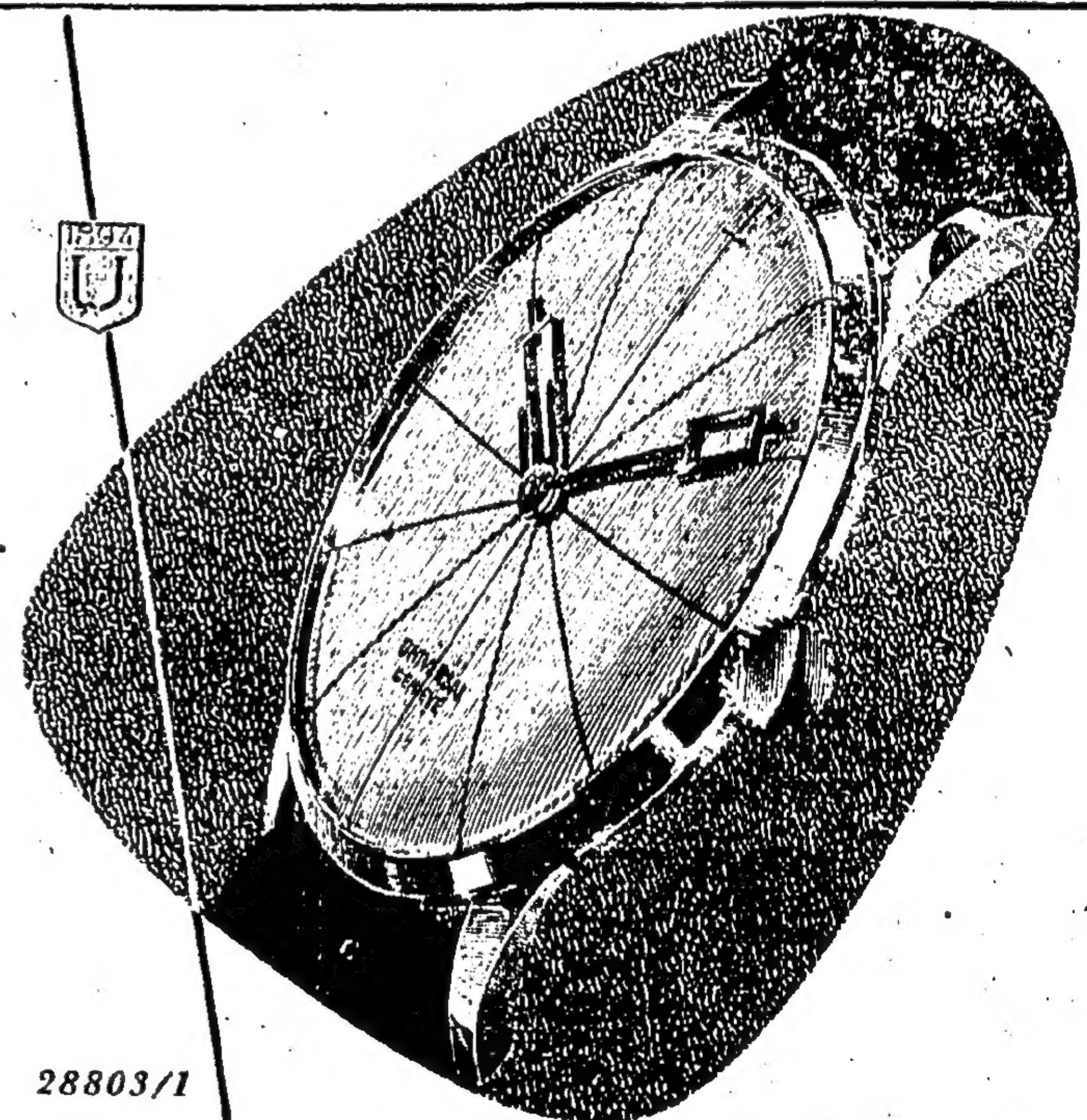
PROGRAMMES
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CHINA MAIL

Page 20

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1959.

SHEAFFERS
Skrip

"SUGAR RAY" MAY FIGHT MOORE

Shock Tactics

Barnesley, Jan. 9.
Mr. Edwin Williamson, 55-year-old shopkeeper, is putting the names and addresses of customers whom he claims owe him money in the window of his shop in Milton Road, Yorkhill, near Barnsley, Yorkshire.
He is trying these "shock tactics" after letters to the customers requesting payment have brought no results.
One woman, whose name was the first to appear in the window, has settled her account with him.
The name and address of another customer, with the amount of money she is said to owe has since appeared on a piece of paper in the window.
"If the other customers do not pay their debts their names will be put into the window too," said Mr. Williamson.—China Mail Special.

REDIFFUSION

11.30 a.m. Third Test Match: 12 Noon. Time: 12.30 p.m. Three Men On A Mile—Chuck Berry, Paul Anka, and George Hamilton IV; 1. Keyboard—Capers—Teddy Wilson; 1.3. Weather Report, News And Special Announcements; 1.50. George Melachrino And His Orchestra; 2. Saturday Requests—Presented By Nick Kendall; 3. Third Test Match: 2.55. Paul Temple And The Spencer Affair—Episode 1—Dinner At The Stardust; 4. Songs Of The Prairie; 4.50. Rhythm Parade; 5. Unit Requests—Presented By Audrey; 6. Birthday Mailbag; 6.02. Melody Magic; 6.30. Meet The Stars—Bonnie Lou And Jerry Reed; 7. Time Signal And News; 7.50. Western Tunes; 8. Announcements And Interlude; 7.55. Fiesta Time; 7.55. Jazz Is Where You Find It—Presented By Nick Kendall; 9. Song Time—Tennessee Ernie Ford; 8.30. Voice Of Sport; 9. Shiro Hit Parade; 9.30. Music From The Movies; 10. Baritone—Hines—By Hush McLenahan—Part 3; 10.30. 1. Remember When—Starring Paul Whiteman; 11. Star Trek; 11.30. Dance Party; 12. Midnight, Close Down.

TELEVISION

2 p.m. "Highway Patrol"; 2.30. Eddie Cantor Show; 3. Cantonese Feature—"The Scorpion Dance"; 4.30. "Adventure Of Tugboat Annie"; 5. Children's Hour—Cartoons; 5.15. Puppets On A Stick Presented By Calvin Wong; 5.30. Children's Film—"Tale Of The Texas Rangers"; 6. Close Down; 7.30. "Yours With A Song" With Mona Fong And The Gladiators; 7.5. "Adventures Of Elery Queen"; 8.30. Bob Cummings Show; 9. Newswatch; 9.15. "Sunset Starring Ann Sothern—Episode 32, "Friend In Need"; 9.40. Evening Feature—Paul Kelly, in "Fare In The Night"; 11. Late Night Film—Close Down.

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Miami, Jan. 9.
The former film tough guy, George Raft, today offered world middleweight champion, Sugar Ray Robinson, \$450,000 to fight Archie Moore, the veteran light-heavyweight champion, in Havana, Cuba.
If the fight is staged, "Old Man" Moore would have to stake his title.

But said Moore: "If Raft is offering half a million bucks to the challenger, just tell him that I, as title holder, will ask only for a million...."

Raft is also trying to fix a 15-round fight between Sweden's Ingemar Johansson with Cuba's Nino Valdes at Havana where Raft is a Casino-hotel owner.

The change of regime in Cuba, and the flight of Dictator Batista has evidently not upset Raft's plans to stake his claim as a big-time fight promoter.

For when Batista was in power, he offered \$400,000 to Floyd Patterson to fight in Havana.—France-Press.

Frost, Snow Hits U.K. Sport

London, Jan. 9.
Frost and snow have badly hit British sports and many fixtures arranged for tomorrow have already been postponed or cancelled.

Two matches in the third round of the English Football Association Cup—Doncaster Rovers versus Bristol City and Sheffield Wednesday versus West Bromwich Albion—are among the soccer fixtures postponed.

The Carleil versus Watford and Coventry versus Port Vale games in Division Four are also on the casualty list.

Scottish football was more seriously affected, with four First Division games and one in the Second Division called off.

Rugby
The Scottish matches postponed are: Aberdeen versus Fife, Lanark Hearts versus St. Mirren, Motherwell versus Dunfermline, Raith Rovers versus Celtic (all Division One) and Alloa versus Hamilton (Division Two).

Many Rugby League and Rugby Union games suffered, including the Rugby Union County Championship play-off between Durham and Cheshire.
Three of four English race meetings scheduled for tomorrow have been cancelled.

Football looked likely to suffer further tomorrow, as in many cases an early inspection was to be made by referees.—Reuter.

Author's Wife Dies

Rapallo, Italy, Jan. 9.
Lady Beerbohm, second wife of the late Sir Max Beerbohm, was found dead in her home in Rapallo yesterday.
Lady Beerbohm had become a recluse since the death of her husband a month after their marriage in 1956.
Sir Max Beerbohm, celebrated literary giant of the Edwardian era, died in Rapallo in May, 1956.
He had married secretly a month previously.
His second wife was formerly Miss Elisabeth Jungmann, his secretary-companion. His first wife died in 1951.—Reuter.

Tennis Hope

Perth, Jan. 9.
Earl Buchholz, replacing the injured Alex Olmedo as chief U.S. hope in the West Australian tennis championships, swept into the men's singles final today by trouncing Barry Mackay, 10-8, 6-3, 6-2.—U.P.I.

Planes Worth More Than Gold

Washington, Jan. 9.
President Eisenhower actually understated the cost when he said in his State of the Union message that some new United States bombers "cost their weight in gold," the White House spokesman said today.

Both the B-58 bomber (Air Force) and the A3J Bomber (Navy) cost more than their weight in gold.

The spokesman gave these figures:
The B-58 weighs 47,000 pounds and costs \$26,700,000 or 567 dollars a pound.

The A3J weighs 27,000 pounds and costs 17,600,000 dollars, or 650 dollars a pound.

Gold is valued at 35 dollars a troy ounce, or about 500 dollars a pound, figured at the 16-ounce pound used in weighing aeroplanes.—Reuter.

The Old Master In Action

Perth, Jan. 9.
Ray Lindwall, former Australian Test fast bowler, took three wickets for no runs in an eight ball over for Queensland against Western Australia in a Sheffield Shield match here today.

Western Australia's score slumped from 49 for three to 49 for six in Lindwall's eighth over shortly after lunch.

But Ken Meuleman, the captain, and wicketkeeper Bruce Duggins improved the score with a seventh-wicket century partnership, and Western Australia totalled 265.

Meuleman, who took more than 40 minutes to get his first run, scored 83 and Duggins 48.
Lindwall finished with three for 46.—China Mail Special.

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Bank Of China Shuts Godowns In Kuala Lumpur

Kuala Lumpur, Jan. 9.
The Communist Government-controlled Bank of China today asked its clients to remove \$ (M) 7,000,000 worth of rice, and \$ (M) 2,000,000 worth of general goods from warehouses operated by the bank in Kuala Lumpur.

The bank is withdrawing from Malaya after a recent legislation which bans banks controlled by foreign governments from operating in this country.
The Bank of China is the only one in this category.

The bank's 12 warehouses are for storage of the goods of merchants holding overdrafts.

Rice millers complained today that they would now have to find new space for their stocks, and cash to pay the overdrafts.

The secretary of the Malayan Associated Rice Millers Association, Mr. Fun Seng-boon, has asked the government to reconsider its decision to suspend the activities of the Bank of China.—Reuter.

ATTEMPT TO KILL FIDEL CASTRO

Havana, Jan. 9.
The Directorate of Fidel Castro's revolutionary movement said today one of its patrols frustrated an attempt to kill Castro when he entered Havana yesterday.
A press statement said the patrol seized five "collaborators of the Batista regime." It said these men, armed with tommy guns were preparing to ambush Castro during the victory parade.—U.P.I.

HONGKONG SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

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Quads For Foggy

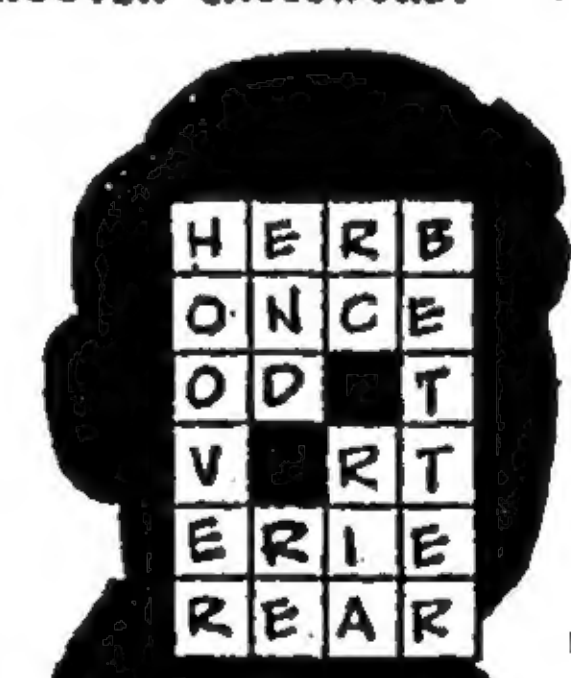
London, Jan. 9.
A four-year-old dairy short-horn cow near Wokingham, Berkshire, has given birth to quads which is said by cattle breeders to be extremely rare.

But the cow, Foggy (full name: Allanby Fogathorpe VII) refuses to take any interest in her four healthy calves which are fed milk from a bucket.

Foggy belongs to Major John Willis, Lord Lieutenant of Berkshire, whose wife is a cousin of Queen Elizabeth. The four calves together weigh 152 lb. A normal calf weighs 60 lb. Three of the quads are heifers and one a bull.—China Mail Special.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS:

HOOPER REBUS: West Branch; Blacksmith's son; Clark; Relief work.
REVERSAIS: Lou Henry Hoover; Mining engineer; 31st President.
HOOVER CROSSWORD:



SCRAMBLED SENTENCE:

President Hoover gave his official salary to charities and underpaid help.
DIAMOND: A BOULDER UNDER STARS

CRUELTY AND INJURED ANIMALS.

Members of the Society and the Public are earnestly requested to report immediately all cases of suspected cases of cruelty they are aware of.

This is particularly requested in the case of an injured animal found on the streets. It would be a great help if injured animals could be kept under observation until the arrival of the Inspector as it is surprising how far an injured animal can travel.

In reporting, the exact locality is important, i.e. "pavement in front of No. (7), Hennessy Road, Wanchai."

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NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

"DOLUIS"
Damaged cargo ex this vessel will be surveyed by Messrs. Wood & Browne at H.K. Wharf from 10 a.m. on January 13 and 14, 1959, and consignees are requested to have their representatives present during the survey.

BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE, Agents, Hongkong, January 9, 1959.

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

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Damaged cargo ex this vessel will be surveyed by Messrs. Wood & Browne at Hongkong and Kowloon Wharf Godown at 10 a.m. on Tuesday, 13th January and Wednesday, 14th January, 1959, and consignees representatives are requested to be present during survey.

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THE HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Directors of The Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation announce that the profit for the year ended 31st December, 1958, after providing for taxation etc. amounts to HK\$2,466,049.97.

It is proposed to write HK\$4,000,000.— off Bank Premises and to pay a Final Dividend of £1.17. 6d per share leaving a balance to be carried forward of HK\$2,085,475.— These figures are subject to audit.

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OPEN TILL 2 A.M.

SPECIAL NOTICE For private cocktail reception, special and wedding parties please phone 2446.

THE REGISTER OF SHARES of the Corporation will be closed from Friday, the 27th day of February to Friday, the 13th day of March, 1959, (both days inclusive) during which period no transfer of shares can be registered.

By Order of the Board, MICHAEL W. TURNER Chief Manager.

Hongkong, 9th January, 1959.

CHURCH NOTICE

ST. PETER'S CHURCH The Rectory to St. Peter's Church, 40 Queen's Road, Tel. 2441

8.30 a.m. Holy Communion, 7.30 p.m. Evensong. (Other services arranged at any time by request.)

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Sunkist
Only Frozen Orange Juice

The PURE juice of the finest SUNKIST Valencia oranges, fresh from the trees in California is squeezed ready for you in a can of SUNKIST Quick Frozen, concentrated orange juice. Do you know that a six ounce can makes 1 1/2 pints of delicious orange juice. Do you know that one can of SUNKIST is equal to the juice of twelve freshly picked oranges? Keep a stock of SUNKIST Quick Frozen orange juice in your refrigerator.

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